

# THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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The Classical subjects are those of the London University Matriculation Examination of June, 1894.

The successful candidates in all these Scholarships will be required to enter the Hall, containing St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination. The Examination for these Scholarships will be held on September 26th, 1894.

For particulars, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the COLLEGE, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

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Applications, stating age and qualifications, and accompanied by thirty copies of Testimonials, must be sent in addressed to "Clerk of the County Council," and marked "For County Governing Body," not later than 8th September next, and applicants are requested to state which of the subjects to be taught in the schools they can themselves teach. A good knowledge of Welsh is in every case indispensable.

GEO. D. HARRISON,  
Clerk to the County Council, Welshpool.

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Application for further information may be made in writing to the SECRETARY, Department of Science and Art, S.W. 9, or on and after October 3rd, personally, to the REGISTRAR, at the School, Exhibition Road, S.W.

By order of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

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- IV. THE DESMOND'S WAKE.
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894.

No. 1164, New Series.

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

### LITERATURE.

*Witnesses to the Unseen.* By Wilfrid Ward. (Macmillans.)

(First Notice.)

THE main part of a surgical operation does not consist in the severance, the "solution of continuity," but in the subsequent tying-up of blood-vessels and nerves. If the series of needful ligatures be imperfect, the operation has been badly done, and the consequent gaps and discharges betray simultaneously the place and nature of what should have been a healing constructive process. This rule, which holds good of physical, is also true of intellectual and spiritual dichotomies. In an age like our own, when the general condition of most thinking men is one of intellectual or spiritual disruption—when the scalpel is applied so vigorously to older creeds and traditional dogmas, and new conjunctions are attempted to be made, no phenomena are more frequently met with than defective ligatures. The knife has done its work well, and so far as the severance is the cause of new reorganisation and health, nothing could be more satisfactory, only that the after results—the *sequelae*—are not what we hoped to see. So far from healing "by the first intention," the desired reunion consists of an imperfect section, while often the severed edges will not even meet—at least not continuously. These defects in intellectual or spiritual surgery are mostly manifested in the form of controversial treatises, wherein the writer recounts what he has gone through either by his own hand or by that of others, gravely assumes that the operation has been successful, but so recounts his experiences as to betray to the critical eyes of others their unsatisfactory result.

We have a magnificent specimen of these imperfect intellectual sections in this book of Mr. Wilfrid Ward. It is the best example we have recently seen of the arguments that might be employed in the Roman-Anglican controversy. Given a supposed cure in which Protestantism is alleged, like a diseased limb, to be severed from a healthy body, leaving an assumed tendency and claim to a complete Romanist cure, it is required to institute a critical investigation into the operation in order to determine whether the closure is really so entire as it claims to be, or whether the connected edges do not reveal moral gaps and puckers proving that their reunion is of a very imperfect kind.

The book consists of a number of essays all of which lead up to and imply the most interesting of all: viz., the last which is

entitled, "The Wish to Believe." In form this is not so much an essay as a philosophical dialogue conducted by several friends, the *onus ratiocinandi* (I must not say *probandi*) of which is chiefly borne by Walton and Darlington, who might be respectively characterised as (1) a recent convert to Romanism, and (2) an able and philosophical agnostic with the negative constituents of his non-creed unduly developed. Obviously the men are types, or "Wardian Ideals," of the two most progressive thought energies of our day—rival champions in the great struggle of the intellectual and spiritual Armageddon which is being quietly fought out not only in England, but in every other part of aggressively enlightened Christendom. Darlington's position is described in terms which I must claim space to quote:

"When an undergraduate at Muriel College, Oxford . . . he had constantly heard those around him speak of the absurdity of expecting *certainty* on questions connected with another world, when all the arguments producible in favour of religious belief had by many of the very greatest minds been long since weighed in the balance and found wanting. . . . Who am I, thought he, that I should pretend to be positive as to the conclusiveness of arguments which Hume and Gibbon, Huxley and Spencer have felt to be inconclusive? Questions as to the immortality of the soul, the Divine origin of Christianity, and the like, should, he thought, be left alone by a sensible, rational man; the controversies in their regard might indeed have an historical interest, but no more. Dispassionate judges held them to be incapable of solution, and the idea of certainty in their regard had only arisen from the passionate craving, which exists in some minds, to have definite knowledge and grounds for hope as to the future, which in days when emotion was strong, and reason not very circumspect, led many to catch at any theory, however insufficiently proved, that professed to satisfy their desire. Some great intellects of mystical and ideal tendencies were led by this same desire to create systems of belief which should answer to the need of their own hearts, and should at the same time serve as a sanction for their moral code. To aid them in their endeavour, they had invoked these myths and traditions of the past which, in a more or less confused way, express the anticipations, hopes, and fears of nations in the course of their history, and the speculations of the popular mind; and out of these raw materials of emotion, desire, and tradition, supported by a certain measure of plausible argument *a priori*, they constructed their several religious theories" (pp. 157-158).

I have quoted the passage somewhat at length—not that its context is wholly exhausted—because I regard it as one of the crucial passages of the book. Darlington is the chosen agnostic of our time—the typical thinker who represents its most characteristic "Unfaith"—the polemical nine-pin set up in order to attest by its speeches and utter overthrow the skill of Mr. Ward at theological skittles. But with all due deference to the author's metaphysical acumen, he lacks the faculty of philosophical discrimination. To take an example, which indeed constitutes the *πρᾶτον ψεῦδος* of his book, he fails to perceive the profound difference between dogmatic negation and skeptical suspense—between absolute denial, and enquiring or perhaps merely tentative doubt. He shares

the mischievous perversion of rudimentary philosophy so common in our time which orthodox theologians utilise in one direction, and unscrupulous agnostics in another, by means of which skepticism is confounded with negation, and the position of a negative dogmatist is assumed to differ fundamentally from that of a theological or scientific infallibilist. But this is by no means the only example of a want of philosophical discrimination which greatly undermines his reasoning. To take one more illustration from many similar ones. He tells us, *à propos* of the phrase that "the idea of religious *certainty* was utterly incompatible with exact thought," that the phrase "magnificently condemns as unworthy of notice many arguments which require for their reputation considerably greater power of exact thought than is possessed by him who disdainfully discusses them." The remark is just and well timed, but there is a finer discrimination which Mr. Ward has neglected, and that is the meaning of "exact" when applied to thought. Too often, as here by Mr. Ward, "exact" implies what is demonstrable objectively, as *e.g.*  $2 + 2 = 4$ , or "two parallel lines cannot enclose a space." But, taking it as an attribute of thought, its connotation is largely individualistic. Thus, it means vivacious, consistent, homogeneous, sincere, absolutely truthful subjectively. To take an example: "The belief in an infallible church is an imperative necessity for a Christian." Here, no doubt, the thought is "exact" to the intellect of a Cardinal Newman or Mr. Wilfrid Ward, but it is not exact in the sense of being an unusual proposition demonstrable objectively. Examples of a similar verbal haziness or want of perspicuity meet us throughout the book. Oftentimes they seem the outcome and unconscious indication of a mental haze to which thinkers who compel the Pegasus of metaphysics to do the drudgery of Romanist proselytism seem especially liable; but they are often examples of verbal juggling consciously employed *ad majorem gloriam Dei* by unscrupulous advocates in the same holy cause.

The result of Mr. Ward's ratiocination may be described as creating and inducing on the emotional side of Christian thought which Newman's *Grammar of Ascent* tried to effect on its intellectual side: in other words, it tries to establish by such sentimental pleas as "the wish to believe" a condition of thought which makes the transition of a thoughtful pietistic Protestant, from his standpoint of intellectual and religious independence to that of some authoritative faith such as Romanism, not insuperably difficult. Readers who would see how the controversy is brought to a final issue may refer, if they will, to some of the pages towards the end, when Walton (probably Mr. Wilfrid Ward himself) is awarded an approximate victory over his rationalistic and semi-pietistic foe Mr. Darlington. We must not, however, suppose that Walton is a champion easily overthrown. Like his father before him, only grant Mr. Ward a few premises so specious and plausible, so sincere and innocent, so pietistic and spiritual, that a

thoughtful Christian knows not how to dare to refuse them, and one is inveigled so unexpectedly and completely that his deliverance seems only possible at the cost of his consistency. Happily most men possess a kind of Categorical Imperative which is capable of determining an issue—supposing the Reason should not be equal to the task—in the teeth of all opposing reasons and probabilities. Especially is this the case with the Unseen regarded as a condition of existence (1) of a future world, (2) of Deity, (3) of some state of retribution.

Under these circumstances it seems a pity that Mr. Wilfrid Ward did not recast his essays, all of which had with one exception been already published, so far as to give a clearer answer to the question: What are the witnesses to the Unseen? Such an answer would necessarily have involved in its discussion the further issue: What is the value of the evidence in itself, in relation to the particular witness, and in the testimony proffered by him. The whole case might in this way assume—of course in an immeasurably improved form—some such external aspect and title as that of Sherlock's *Trial of the Witnesses*. We might well consider it as a celebrated cause which has repeatedly been brought forward to the scrutiny and verdict of thoughtful theologians. We might further describe Mr. Ward as a jealous advocate for the Unseen, and his book as representing in a typical form the latest rehearing of the trial. Mr. Ward holds a brief which has been transmitted to him by the philosophical theologians who have on previous occasions been engaged in the case, and especially by his celebrated father. That he has adduced wholly new witnesses on behalf of his client, we should hardly be justified in saying. New evidence, in a cause which has for so many centuries been before the intellect and spiritual discrimination of reasoning humanity, we could not expect. Nor can we say that he has manipulated the evidence, recently put forth by his father and his colleagues of the Ideal School, in so novel a manner as to have imparted to it corroborated strength. The cause—with all its engrossing interest for humanity—remains somewhat like comparing issues infinitely great with such as are infinitesimally small and jejune—such long-enduring pleadings as *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* or *Peebles against Plainstanes*, or any similar puzzlement of the legal intellect. The cause is not now more important than heretofore. The witnesses are not different, their number is not greater. The individual value of specific testimonies, the cumulative amount of the whole, is not more than it was wont to be. Revelation, Duty, Conscience, the witness of each and all, collectively and separately, of the various spiritual forces by which civilised and Christianised humanity is environed on every side: all these Categorical Imperatives testify as they were wont. The admitted progress of philosophical speculation and scientific inquiry is not more overpowering than it used to be. Nor, on the whole, is it less. Of the alternatives I incline hesitatingly to the theory that, as the world grows older,

the scope of general knowledge more extended, and the ingenuousness of scientific men becomes greater and more explicit, the aggregate incidence or stress of testimony on behalf of the Unseen is more clearly seen and more candidly acknowledged. We have now little or nothing of that wholly negative dogma which asserts virtually that, because the evidence is invisible, it cannot exist. Such an unphilosophical extension of the individual man as the measure of all things—to quote the early Greek thinkers—is forbidden by our most enlightened thought. The mystery in which all seen things are involved is now recognised philosophically as involving all unseen things as well. The scientist, if he be wise, no longer initiates his scheme of thought by running a tilt against the clause of the Nicene Creed which unifies in a common *conspicuum* all sensible and conceivable creations—"all things Visible and Invisible." At last he recognises the supreme distinction between dogmatic negation and true skepticism—namely, the position of doubting inquiry and the recognition, *pace* Mr. Ward, of probability as a sufficient basis of scientific and philosophical belief in all purely speculative subjects.

JOHN OWEN.

*The Manxman.* By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)

THE author of *The Deemster* and *The Scapegoat* has for some time occupied a distinct position among our leading novelists. From the moment when Mr. Hall Caine entered the lists of fiction with the *Shadow of a Crime*, it became clear that he was a writer of bold conception and artistic power. He has now produced a work of rare merit and striking originality: a work which is all the more remarkable because, in regard to certain fundamentals, it marks a new departure in its author's aims. It marks the change from the ideal to the real, from that method of treatment which assumes for its main point of view life's possibilities to that which chiefly concerns itself with life's actualities. In *The Deemster* we had a stirring tale of the "Little Nation" in historic setting: a story of the "Purple Island" of former days as viewed through a glorified vista of legend and romance. With *The Manxman* it is different. The scene is once again laid in the Isle of Man; but it is the Man of our own time, with its crowds of trippers, its promenades, its bands and dancing saloons. Not that these things trouble us greatly, or that they add much to the realism of the narrative. That realism is deeper than any mere externals: it lies in the motives and actions of the persons concerned. Of these the central figures are three in number—Philip Christian, his bastard cousin Pete Quilliam, and Kate Cregeen. The plot is perhaps the simplest in its character, and yet the broadest in its possibilities, that Mr. Hall Caine has devised. Philip and Pete, devoted friends from boyhood, both love Kate, who is the daughter of Caesar Cregeen, a miller, innkeeper, and Methodist preacher. Pete is a rough, manly, ignorant islander, who, repelled by Caesar's reproaches of his

poverty, goes off to Kimberley, to "make his fortune," and so prove himself worthy of the girl's hand. On his departure she is left by Pete in the guardianship of Philip:

"It is a familiar duty in the Isle of Man, and he who discharges it is known by a familiar name. They call him the *Dooiney Molla*—literally, the 'man-praiser'; and his primary function is that of an informal, unmercenary, purely friendly and philanthropic match-maker, introduced by the young man to persuade the parents of the young woman that he is a splendid fellow, with substantial possessions or magnificent prospects, and entirely fit to marry her. But he has a secondary function, less frequent, though scarcely less familiar; and it is that of lover by proxy, or intended husband by deputy, with duties of moral guardianship over the girl while the man himself is 'off at the herrings,' or away 'at the mackerel,' or abroad on wider voyages."

Philip belongs to a higher social station than Kate or Pete. His character is more refined, and his prospects are more ambitious than those of his rough-spun cousin. His conscientious attempts to discharge the duties of guardianship over Kate to which he is pledged only make him the more aware of his own affection for her; and, as for the girl herself, she discovers that the fancy she had indulged for Pete speedily flickers away before a deep and lasting passion for Philip. A report comes from Kimberley that Pete is dead. Apparently nothing now stands between Philip and Kate except the worldly ambitions of the former, who by this time is rising rapidly in his profession of a Manx advocate. Love conquers, and the two become finally pledged. The scene of culmination, where the lovers take their first fatal draught of the "wine of life," is a striking piece of writing: bold, free, and unconventional, but true as life itself. No more pregnant utterance in relation to the complicated tragedy of sex has ever been delivered than the reflection with which this fateful chapter closes:

"When a good woman falls from honour, is it merely that she is a victim of momentary intoxication, of stress of passion, of the fever of instinct? No. It is mainly that she is a slave of the sweetest, tenderest, most spiritual and pathetic of all human fallacies—the fallacy that by giving herself to the man she loves she attaches him to herself for ever. This is the real betrayer of nearly all good women that are betrayed. It lies at the root of tens of thousands of the cases that make up the merciless story of man's sin and woman's weakness. Alas! it is only the woman who clings the closer. The impulse of the man is to draw apart. He must conquer it, or she is lost. Such is the old cruel difference and inequality of man and woman as nature made them—the old trick, the old tragedy."

The report of Pete's death proves to have been false; and he returns, a rich man, to claim Kate for his wife. Philip is still climbing the ladder meanwhile, and finds that the social gulf between Kate and himself grows wider and wider. Then comes the *cruis* of the whole story. Shall he renounce the world, or shall he yield to ambition and trample conscience underfoot? A last passionate but fruitless appeal is made by Kate, and very subtle is the insight by which the final weapon she thought

to conquer with is made to prove her bane. The die is now cast; Kate thinks to redeem her forfeited honour by the marriage into which circumstances force her with the unsuspecting Pete. But that is only another false step: the child which is born is not her husband's; it is her lover's. Hence the tragedy of two lives becomes also the tragedy of a third, and complications ensue which result in the most engrossing developments. Philip becomes Deemster; he is on a fair way to be made Governor of the island; his career is a brilliant success. Regarded by his countrymen as the first Manxman of his time; loved and trusted beyond measure by the friend he has wronged most deeply, he knows himself for a whitened sepulchre: he has gained the world and lost his own soul. Step by step he is led into deeper self-deception and self-abasement. Bitter, indeed, has proved the fruit of the tree of knowledge for both himself and Kate, who shares his sufferings with her own until the climax is attained and the work of self-redemption accomplished. What that climax consists in must be left to the reader, with the confident assurance that, when he has once taken up the book, he will be loth to lay it down until he has reached the close of one of the most enthralling novels of our time.

The relations between Philip and Pete throughout the tragic evolution of the story are depicted with a masterly hand. The trials of the latter are borne with the noblest devotion and disregard of self. Nothing could be more touching than his pathetically fatuous attempts, after his wife's flight, to "keep her name sweet" before all. And it is further proof of the author's constructive skill that, while feeling most deeply for Pete, our sympathies are none the less keenly evoked for Philip, whose friendship with the former is sustained to the end. Kate is undoubtedly Mr. Hall Caine's strongest heroine, the most complex, lifelike, and fascinating woman he has given us. It would be difficult to say in what precise degree she may be held to have relation with that perennial question of sexual ethics which, in its modern aspect, is the literary craze of the hour. But she certainly serves to show that that question is not quite the one-sided affair which many of its exponents would have us believe. It is a stroke of truthful interpretation by which, with all her essential purity, she is made to bear her full share of responsibility for that fatal fall which provides the *motif* of the book.

It is plain that Mr. Hall Caine's conception of the novelist's vocation is a serious and lofty one. He is no mere purveyor of literary confections. The world which he discovers to us is no gaudy variety show, with puppets dressed up for the passing amusement of an idle crowd; it is a world of hard problems, in solving which poor mortals often beat their heads against the bars of fate and necessity. But it is also a world of rippling sunshine, of song-birds, of dancing seas and purple hills. No writer has a finer appreciation for the beneficencies of Nature, or a keener perception for its transient moods of weird gloom. Hence his pages are studded with charming

vignettes of natural scenery. Then, too, not only have we searching illumination of the nooks and crannies of humanity, delicate exposures of life's "little ironies" and sarcasms; but we have also abundant episodes of blithesome humour, of native wit and racy repartee, which serve at once to vivify character and to enliven the tragic force of the narrative.

With some readers the question may conceivably arise, whether the author has not somewhat overstrained the claims of poetic justice in the long-drawn punishment he metes out to his suffering heroes and heroine. Is there not here a lack of artistic restraint? Is it true that one lapse from virtue may entail such dread consequences? Do the scorpions of fate lash their victims with such absolutely relentless severity? For my part, the answer must be in the author's favour. I acknowledge that the reader's feelings are strained to a high degree. But a writer who would be true to his mission must be true to life, he must deal with human nature as he finds it. In this aspect of *The Manxman* there is, doubtless, much that will repel those who regard the domain of fiction as confined to an apotheosis of the commonplace. But the novelist who "lays up his account with Nature" must go deeper than this, and in the projection of an ethical treatment of the problems of existence his methods must be seen to be justified by the results produced. Certain conditions being given, certain consequences must follow. In *The Manxman* the consequences seem to me no more than the adequate results of their antecedent conditions; and, tried by this test, the suffering depicted is simply an expansion of the old and universal truth, "Be sure thy sins will find thee out."

The characterisation of the book as a whole is unusually effective. Aunty Nan is a beautiful figure; Nancy and Grannie are as fine in their way; Caesar Cregeen, the self-seeking Methodist fanatic, is a distinct creation, though one is impelled to hope that he may hardly be regarded as the representative type of a Manx religionist. The local colouring is excellent. Present-day life in the "little island" is portrayed with vigour, knowledge, and faithfulness. The Manx laws, dialect, folklore, customs, superstitions, and racial peculiarities; the struggles and grievances of the fishermen; the social caste and exclusiveness of insular officialdom—all are vividly mirrored with sympathetic skill. No less noticeable is the style of the work—pure, strong, and rich; many of the scenes are examples of really splendid writing. *The Manxman* is indubitably the finest book that Mr. Hall Caine has yet produced. It is a noble contribution to the enrichment of English fiction and the advancement of its author's fame.

HIRAM TATTERSALL.

*Things I have Seen and People I have Known.*  
By George Augustus Sala. In 2 vols.  
(Cassells.)

MR. SALA is in the happy position of one whose recollections and experiences can hardly fail to arouse keen interest. He has

had a long and varied career as a journalist, and for many years has occupied a place in the first rank of a profession to which the great bulk of the literary power of our time has been devoted. Few can doubt that his writings in the *Daily Telegraph*, whether as leading articles or descriptive letters, have been at least an important factor in the success of that paper. It may prevent some misapprehension if we state that the present volumes are not to be taken for the autobiography which he has promised to give us, and which, we are pleased to learn, is likely to appear before another twelvemonth has elapsed. In his own words, they are only a collection of essays and sketches on the manners of his time, and reminiscences of the many different sorts of persons he has met. Now and then it has been inevitable that he should talk about himself; but he has "done his best to present his own individuality only in the form of a peg on which objects of real interest might be suspended." His real life-history, he adds, is reserved for the autobiography already mentioned.

Perhaps no author of such a work as that under notice has ever suffered more from an over abundance of material. To show this, we have only to quote the following glance backwards that he takes in his preface:

"It is something to be able to tell the present generation that I have seen Louis Philippe while he was still King of the French; that I have seen Soult, Thiers, Guizot, and Lamartine; that I have witnessed three revolutions in the French capital; that I followed Garibaldi in his campaign in the Tyrol; that I have heard Daniel O'Connell deliver a speech at the London Tavern; that I knew Lord Palmerston; that I knew the first Lord Brougham; that I was in the Franco-Mexican War and at the storming of Puebla; that I spent thirteen months in America when she was in the midst of war; that I was personally acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, with Seward, with Staunton, with Charles Sumner, with Bancroft (the historian), with Longfellow and with Bayard Taylor, with Grant and with McClellan, with Horace Greeley, Raphael Semmes, and Jefferson Davis. I have conversed at Algiers with the Emperor Napoleon III.; I have been patted on the head by the great Duke of Wellington; I lived in Cuba when there were negro slaves there, and in Russia when there were millions of white serfs in the dominions of the Tsar. I can remember to have seen the Tsar Nicholas himself at Ascot races; I attended the funeral of the assassinated Alexander II. and the coronation of Alexander III.; I was in Constantinople when the first Turkish Constitution was proclaimed from the steps of the Old Seraglio, and I can hear now the unanimous shouts of 'Amin' from the Moslem troops present. From the organ loft of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, I have witnessed the funerals of the Duchess of Kent, of the Prince Consort, of the King of Hanover, and of the Duke of Clarence. From the same coign of vantage I have watched the nuptials of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, of the Duke of Connaught, and of the Duke of Albany. I saw the coronation procession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and I was in Westminster Abbey at the royal Jubilee service, and in St. Paul's Cathedral at the thanksgiving service for the recovery from sickness of the Prince of Wales; and I beheld the second funeral of Napoleon the Great. I have seen twelve murderers hanged, including Rush and the

Mannings. I have eaten the turtle of twenty-five Lord Mayors; and I was at the farewell banquet given to Charles Dickens prior to his second visit to America. Dickens and Thackeray were the friends of my youth, my editors in my maturity. I have been round the world, and seen things and people in California and the Sandwich Islands, in Australia and New Zealand, in India and Ceylon. I have seen Macready, Charles Kean, Tyrone Power, the elder Farren, Charles Mathews, Mme. Vestris, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nesbitt, Rachel, Déjazet, Frédéric Lamaitre act. I have heard Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache sing; and have seen Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler, Cerrito, and Duverney dance. I have watched for more than half a century the transformation of the British metropolis, and the wonderful changes which have come over the manners of the English people."

It would be strange indeed if a clever writer with a record like this could not give us a delightful collection of reminiscences.

Mr. Sala has made a good use of his opportunity. His style is marked by much of its old graphic force, and the attractiveness of his matter has not been discounted to any large extent by his familiar "Echoes of the Week." Not a few readers will turn at the outset to his impressions of Thackeray and Dickens, with whom, it will have been seen, he was intimately acquainted. Of the former he writes:

"From the bottom of my heart I contend that he was not a cynic. I mean that he entertained no morose nor contemptuous views and tenets touching human nature. The real cynic has the qualities of the surly dog: he snarls, he is captious, he is surly, currish, ill-conditioned. Bishop Berkeley speaks of 'cynical content in dirt and beggary.' Thackeray, on the contrary, loved light and culture and luxury. I have heard him say that he liked to go to his bed-chamber at night with a wax taper and a silver candlestick. That was merely a frank way of saying that he preferred the elegancies of life to squalor and ugliness. He has been unjustly termed a cynic, because he could not help being a satirist; but although he was a master of irony, and on occasion could use the scalpel with effect as terrible as ever it had been used by Juvenal, by Dryden, or by Pope, I never heard him say one unkindly thing of human weakness or frailty or misfortune. Like Fontenelle, he might have averred on his death-bed that he had never uttered the slightest word against the smallest virtue."

One essential difference between Thackeray and Dickens is thus noted:

"The author of *Vanity Fair* was a master of anecdote, *persiflage*, and repartee; he was a varied and fluent linguist; he was a lover and practitioner of art; he was saturated with seventeenth and eighteenth century literature, both French and English; and he could hold his own with such masters of conversation as Abraham Hayward and Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), and with such a formidable epigrammatist and wit as Douglas Jerrold. Dickens, on the other hand, seldom talked at length on literature, either of the present or the past. He very rarely said anything about art; and for what is usually termed 'high art' I think that he had that profound contempt which is generally the outcome of lack of learning. Indeed, when I first visited Venice, and wrote for him an article called 'A Poodle at the Prow'—my text being a gondola on the Grand Canal and the gondolier's dog—he expressed himself as especially pleased with my production, on the ground that it contained 'no cant about art.' What he liked to talk

about was the latest new piece at the theatres, the latest exciting trial or police case, the latest social craze or social swindle, and especially the latest murder and the newest thing in ghosts. He delighted in telling short droll stories, and occasionally indulging in comic similes and drawing waggish parallels. . . . His conversation, I am bound to say, once for all, did not rise above the amusing commonplaces of a very shrewd, clever man of the world, with the heartiest of hatred for shams and humbugs."

Dickens, like his friend Delane, was ardently attached to the principle of impersonality in periodical literature. If the young men whom he gathered round him to write for *Household Words*—Blanchard Jerrold, Sala, Sydney Blanchard, Moy Thomas, Walter Thornbury, John Hollingshead, James Payn, and the rest—were accused of being imitators of his style, it was partly because, their names not being printed, he interpolated characteristic touches of his own in their articles. Mr. Sala, as may be supposed, is by no means in favour of such secrecy:

"It had two evil consequences to us, 'the young men.' In the first place, when an attractive article appeared in *Household Words*, which might have been the work either of one of my colleagues or of myself, people used to say that 'Dickens was at his best that week,' whereas in many cases in that particular number he had not written a single line except the weekly instalment of the 'Child's History.'

I can say, for one, that I materially suffered from this systematic suppression of my name, for about 1853 or 1854 I purchased at M. Dentu's bookstall, in the Palais Royal, Paris, a work in French purporting to be the 'Nouveaux Contes de Charles Dickens,' translated by M. Amédée Pichot, and among the ten or twelve stories in this collection I recognised translations of my own 'Key of the Street,' and, I think, of another article of my writing. Now this, judged by the present standard of literary ethics, was decidedly unfair to the rising authors who served their Chief with so much enthusiastic loyalty. In the next place, by the strict preservation of the anonymous, Dickens unwittingly retarded, not only the literary, but also the commercial prospects of his staff. I did not repine: . . . still now, in my old age, I cannot be blind to the fact that I began to work with Dickens in 1851, and that when I temporarily severed my connexion with him, about seven years afterwards, I was wholly and entirely unknown to the general public."

Not that the illustrious novelist wished to have any credit except that which rightly belonged to him:

"I do not think that Dickens, who was one of the kindest, the justest, and the most generous of mankind, had the remotest notion that he was putting a bushel over the lights of his staff, that he was keeping them in that obscurity which inevitably meant indigence, while he was attaining, and properly attaining, every year greater fame and greater fortune. It was a mistake on his part; but it was one that was shared by very many of the conductors of magazines and periodicals of his time. Only very few of those magazines and periodicals were of the literary calibre of *Household Words*."

Considerations of space prevent me from giving more than a brief indication of the scope of Mr. Sala's work. Besides the recollections of Thackeray and Dickens, he speaks, among other things, of Paris fifty years ago, the removal of the remains of Napoleon I. to the Invalides, the early days of the English railway, the American

Civil War, experiences in a Mexican sombrero, London life in the past, taverns that have vanished, and old pantomimes, operas, songs, and pictures. On all these subjects he may be heard with equal profit and pleasure.

FREDERICK HAWKINS.

*History of the English Landed Interest: its Customs, Laws, and Agriculture. Vol. II. Modern Period.* By Russell M. Garnier. (Sonnenchein.)

In the present volume Mr. Garnier continues his earlier work on the same subject, and traces the agrarian history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

There was certainly much room for a book of this nature. Though of course many of the topics here dealt with have been often treated of by different writers in various connexions, yet the field as a whole has hardly been occupied before, and our author has certainly many qualifications for the task he has set before himself.

As we gather from an incidental allusion, he has himself been a land agent, and his knowledge of the practical and technical details of his subject is amply evidenced in the pages before us. At the same time, he cannot be said to be entirely free from prejudice. He writes throughout in the tone of a decided partisan of the landed aristocracy of England, and has but little liking for those who have sought to curtail their powers and privileges. The words which he applies to the late Prof. Rogers are equally applicable to himself, if for "labourer" in the following passage we substitute "landlord":—"The learned historian holds a brief for the labourer, and cross-examines with all the severity of a special pleader any witness hostile to his cause."

There is a kind of melancholy ring in the chapter in which Mr. Garnier describes "The descent of the landlords from political supremacy." "Where," he mournfully asks, "shall we look for a substitute of that aristocracy of the soil, which it is part and parcel of the Englishman's idiosyncrasy to venerate?"

In spite of this "idiosyncrasy," however, it appears that things are in a bad way with the landed proprietors:

"No one can foretell how long the hereditary right of the peer to legislate, which owes its origin to the ancient claim of the tenant in capite to a seat in the *curia regis*, will be suffered to continue. The political supremacy of the landlord was wrested from him by the Reform Bills. Most of his powers over the peasant went early in this century. . . . Now his judicial powers are menaced with extinction. . . . Are we soon then to witness his final extinction; an inevitable occurrence, if only our legislators proceed much further with their present policy?"

There is here, it may be noted, the old confusion between the *curia regis* and the *magnum concilium*, which a more careful reading of Bishop Stubbs would have enabled the author to avoid. The *curia* was a judicial body, and never comprised more than a small number of royal officials. It was the *concilium*, the representative of the

ancient Witenagemot, which every tenant in chief had a theoretical right to attend.

The following assertion, too, seems to imply a very questionable theory as to the origin of property in land. "Surely the rights of property are an institution which antedates that of society, and for the defence of which society was created." This appears to indicate an imperfect acquaintance with the researches of Sir Henry Maine and others of the same school, which have made it evident that individual ownership was a comparatively late development out of the earlier system of tribal holding. Though he avows himself a free-trader, Mr. Garnier has a kind of hankering after protection, and looks back with a certain regret upon the Corn Laws.

"It is even yet too soon to pronounce a decided opinion whether the requirements of the community as a whole demand this entire and permanent sacrifice of the English landlord in favour of the foreign agriculturist. We cannot tell what might not have occurred had even slight duties on imported grain been in force when, for example, the Trafalgar Square meetings of the unemployed were taking place, or now that the excess of the labour supply over the demand is prompting men to advocate the diminution by the state of their working hours."

Certainly we cannot tell exactly what might have happened in these cases; but one thing we may be sure of, that dearness of provisions could only aggravate and not mitigate the social evils of our time. Perhaps it is doing the author an injustice to suppose that he seriously intends to dispute this; but if so, the first sentence of the above quotation is hardly consistent with the last.

Apart, however, from matters of controversy, there is much that is valuable and interesting in this volume. In a chapter entitled "Amateur Farming" we have graphic sketches of several distinguished theoretical and practical agriculturists of the last century. Especially may be mentioned an excellent estimate of the merits and defects of the character and writings of Arthur Young. There is also an interesting account of the agricultural side of George III., or "Farmer George," for whom the writer has clearly a sneaking kindness.

"Let, then, all who are interested in agriculture forget the poor old king's stubborn prosecution of the American War, and other political blunders, for the sake of those benefits he undoubtedly conferred by the force of his example upon farmers. We, for our part, would fain obliterate from our thoughts the sad significance of the padded room at Kew, and remember only the red face beaming with suppressed merriment over the Windsor uniform as, like Alfred of old, its owner turned the piece of roasting meat in the cottage kitchen. We prefer to dwell on his attempts to get rid of *triticum repens* from the farm, rather than on his efforts to weed the high seas of the French."

In a chapter on "Minerals and Mines" the author has brought to light some interesting facts in the department of mining antiquities. It appears that the claim to exact tithe on minerals had its origin in a curious popular superstition.

"The people ignorantly imagined that the ore was a living organism; and the clergy probably shared this superstition, for we decline to accuse them of dishonestly trading on it. At any rate, they extracted therefrom no little profit to their own pockets. Tithe was only legal on such products of the earth as renewed themselves annually, and this definition was considered by the clergy to include the lead ore in the vein—a delusion which remained universal up to a very late date."

R. SEYMOUR LONG.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*A Hunted Life.* By J. Fogerty. In 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

*A Bankrupt Heart.* By Florence Marryat. In 3 vols. (White.)

*The Boss of Taroomba.* By Ernest William Hornung. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)

*Doctor Quodlibet.* By the Author of "John Orlebar." (The Leadenhall Press.)

*Shallows.* By Myra Swan. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*A Daughter of To-day.* By Mrs. Edward Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*Vignettes.* By G. E. Hodgson. (Fisher Unwin.)

*The Shadows of Life.* By Charles Meyer. (Frederick Warne.)

IRISH vendettas have formed the groundwork of many novels; and the latest worker in this field is Mr. J. Fogerty, whose exciting story, *A Hunted Life*, is just clever enough to make us wish it were cleverer. It is a pity that the author, when planning his work, did not make up his mind what he was going to do with his characters. For example, throughout his first volume by far the most piquant personage is Juanita Morony, a beautiful Spanish-Hibernian maiden. We think there are interesting passages in store between her and James Forbes, and we have just got deeply interested in her, when she suddenly drops out of the narrative, never to be seen or heard of again. It is this failure in construction which is inimical to Mr. Fogerty's success. We can scarcely believe that the writer of *A Hunted Life* is the same person who wrote that remarkable novel, *Lauterdale*, nearly twenty years ago. Yet he has plenty of talent, and humour and pathos at his command. The first volume of the story before us is full of smart sayings, and Irish life and character are delineated with real insight. The second and third volumes, with the terrible war waged by the brothers Ryan against their landlord, Mr. Power, and his son—which ends fatally in the latter case—contain several scenes of a powerful and tragic nature; but the general impression left by the novel as a whole is unsatisfactory. We get rather a series of pictures skilfully drawn than a homogeneous work; and for this reason we must still wait for Mr. Fogerty to redeem the promise of his earlier days.

It is impossible to congratulate Miss Marryat on the production of *A Bankrupt Heart*. Most of the characters are sordid, sensual, and despicable. The book opens

with a sketch of the handsome Miss Llewellyn, a Welsh farmer's daughter, ostensibly the housekeeper but really the mistress of the Earl of Ilfracombe. Into her gilded cage of vice at Grosvenor Square falls the bombshell of an announcement that Lord Ilfracombe, who is at Malta, has cast her off in order to marry the daughter of Sir Richard Abinger. To do her justice, Nell Llewellyn seems to have loved the fickle peer deeply, and she now renounces all his offers of a settlement, and then proceeds to throw herself into the Thames. She is long supposed to be dead, but she was taken out of the river alive, and went back to her old home in Wales. Miss Abinger, who became Lady Ilfracombe, had been a fast young person, but she had just managed to save her virtue. However, she had had some discreditable passages with a certain "Jack" Portland, and to her horror she discovers that he is her husband's most intimate friend, and that he is doing his best to ruin him by cheating at cards. Lady Ilfracombe almost compromises herself to get back from Portland certain letters which she had written during their flirtations. Now comes in the Quixotic conduct of Miss Llewellyn. She loves Lord Ilfracombe with every fibre of her being, and finding that he loves his wife, she assists in bringing about a happy understanding between them. Not content with this, when she learns the nature of Portland's hold over Lady Ilfracombe, she promises to marry him—though she absolutely loathes him—on his delivering up to her the packet of letters. Having obtained it she gives it to Lady Ilfracombe amid much shedding of tears, and then she goes and takes poison to avoid marrying Portland. Sir Archibald and Lady Bowman are social harpies worthy of Portland. There is unfortunately not the faintest scintillation of talent in the narrative to redeem its unsavouriness.

Mr. Hornung gives us a clever and exciting Australian bush story in *The Boss of Taroomba*. The "boss" is not, as might be supposed, a rough, coarse settler, but a magnificent young woman named Naomi Pryse. Her physical beauty and noble disposition quite captivated young Engelhardt, a musical composer, who was driven for a time to pick up his living by tuning bush pianos; and Engelhardt himself was so different from all those by whom Naomi was surrounded that she returned his affection. But there were men on the station who were little better than demons, and the vilest of these was determined to wreak the foulest vengeance on Miss Pryse because she had rejected his overtures. Reinforced by two despicable villains, he made a night attack on the station, and it would have gone hard with Naomi and Engelhardt if they had not anticipated the assault and established a barricade. There are many strong scenes in Mr. Hornung's story.

The author of "John Orlebar" never wrote a better story than *Doctor Quodlibet*, which is a fine, healthy study of human nature under its nobler aspects. One scarcely knows whether to admire more the goodness of Bishop Quodlibet, with his daily

acts of philanthropy; or Dr. Siegerson, who, to shelter the name of the woman he loved, suffered the prison stigma for a crime he had never committed. The nobility of his nature is only equalled by that of Jenny West, the heroine of this little sketch. We feel pity for Jenny's uncle, the Rev. John Meredith, one of those over-scrupulous, unworldly spirits who are left behind in the world's race. The author calls his narrative "a study in ethics"; but we like the extremely human way in which Doctor Quodlibet solved all difficult ethical problems by practical deeds of Christian kindness.

The writer of *Shallows* is evidently inexperienced in literature, but she possessed the root of the matter. Closer attention to construction, and a larger breadth of canvas, will make a novelist of her. Her present—shall we say her first?—venture in fiction is noticeable for its character studies; and chief of these is the little child Algy. It is difficult to draw children without making them either goody-goody with their wings spread for an angel-flight, or unconscionable prigs. Miss Swan has avoided these extremes, and sketched a child who is really natural. His little sayings are most amusing. When he visits Tattersall's with his father, and sees that "dogs are not admitted," he is so struck with the frequency of this announcement at public places, that he naively remarks, "There don't seem to be many amusements for dogs in London, daddy." But Algy Drummond is also a manly little fellow, and the part he plays in the reconciliation of his father and mother after their long estrangement is very touching. We cannot quite understand a young and happy wife behaving as Mrs. Drummond did, and going off to Homburg with a grass widow and a couple of officers; but as there is a happy issue to all jealousy and misunderstanding between husband and wife, the escapade has no disastrous consequences. The novel reveals considerable promise, but the author wants more grip and less effusiveness.

Sara Jeannette Duncan is an able and a thoughtful writer, but we do not think she has done herself justice in *A Daughter of To-day*. She has caught certain artificial developments of modern society, especially as affecting the "emancipated" young woman, and she has cleverly reproduced them. We are only speaking of the literary merits of the book, which are not so high as those of Miss Duncan's previous works; but as regards the chief character depicted, the failure is only attributable to the heroine herself, one Elfrida Bell, from the land of the Almighty dollar. It is rather hard to discover what the author is driving at; but at any rate Elfrida is a girl of decided talent, though it is by no means original as regards art, her first love. She drifts into journalism, first in Paris and then in London, but, although she succeeds by great smartness, she is distanced by people inferior in literary ability, such as her friend Janet Cardiff. Elfrida's ideas on art, love, marriage, &c., are crude; and at length—unable to reconcile her theories with life's experience—she commits suicide.

There is a nice touch in some of Mr. Hodgson's *Vignettes*, but beyond that we cannot go. There is the smallest quantity of matter that we have ever found in a volume of its size and price; but that of course would not matter, if the quality was all right. Here, however, lies our difficulty: Mr. Hodgson occasionally gives utterance to pretty sentiments and poetic thoughts, but some of his sketches are as without end as they might well have been without beginning. We must wait, as Carlyle said, to see what he is like when he writes a real book.

There is a fearsome illustration, portending trouble of some kind, on the back of Mr. Charles Meyer's shilling "shocker," *The Shadows of Life*. The author states that he has drawn his characters from life, and some of his sketches are undoubtedly exciting. But we hope that detective stories are coming to the end of their reign; it is quite time that the higher class of literature had its turn.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

#### SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

*Lallan Songs and German Lyrics.* By Ralph Macleod Fullarton (Blackwoods). There is much to welcome in Mr. Fullarton's book. It appears from a preface that some of the translations from Heine and Goethe, which now follow the Lallan Songs, appeared so long ago as 1858 at Cambridge in one of those undergraduate magazines which come and go with such rapidity. We may say at once that we are glad to have these scholarly renderings of foreign masterpieces put within our reach, for indeed they are worth perusing, and worth remembering. Surely all those who know the original of the translation quoted below, will be prepared to acknowledge that the English version is skilled work, a piece of very wise simplicity.

" Once in a dream I wept;  
In the grave I saw thee lie;  
I woke ere yet the tear  
Upon my cheek was dry.  
" Again in a dream I wept;  
I dreamed thou deserted'st me;  
I woke, and a long long time  
I wept on bitterly.  
" Once more in a dream I wept;  
I dreamed thou wast true to me still;  
I woke, and have wept ever since,  
And never can weep my fill."

Among these translations there are other specimens of Mr. Fullarton's exceptional ability in representing German lyricists in English, which deserve more recognition than we are able to give in the brief space at our disposal. We are tempted to leave the excellence of the second part of this volume by the undoubted beauty of some of the songs in Scots, which represent the author as a creator of melodies. In these poems there is sun and shadow, country dances, and tears. That particular pathos which belongs to the North is beautifully present, and we can say with confidence that it is many a long day since we were so much refreshed and established by a bundle of songs from across the border. There are three Highland reels which delight by their speed. Here is a stanza from the third:

" But there is ane amang them a'  
Wi' cheek o' wild rose, breist o' snaw,  
Her wavy locks around her fa',  
She needs nae maist adornin'.  
Blaw me, blaw fu' caanilie,  
Softly, pipers, sweetly, pipers;  
Annie mine, O dance wi' me  
Ae blissfu' nicht to mornin'."

*A Little Child's Wreath.* By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane.) There is the grief that prevents utterance and the grief that finds a consolation in utterance. It is easy to understand that, in the task of composing a poetical tribute to a child unhappily lost, there resides for many a mother a tonic of the best; but whether it is very wise or very kind to publish 550 copies of this expressed sorrow is a matter over which critics, amateur and professional, are not likely to agree. To us it seems that a grief so sacred should hardly be retailed for three shillings and sixpence. It might be logically objected to this argument that there are some joys too sacred for public celebration in verse. Well, we should not like a gentleman to write for the perusal of all and sundry forty sonnets upon winning his sweetheart, and we cannot help feeling that Mrs. Chapman has exceeded the bounds by issuing this number of poems in memory of her great grief. Of the sonnets themselves there is not a great deal to be said. If there are few flaws, there are few glories. Mrs. Chapman's gift of graphic expression may very easily be mistaken for something finer; but it is a genuine gift, which must not be allowed to pass unregarded by. A power of concentration, too, is very observable. Mrs. Chapman closes each sonnet with the rhymed couplet; and this couplet is, in many instances, weighty with beautiful sense beautifully set forth. Scattered throughout the book there are lovely lines, but we must be allowed to say that we believe the authoress would have produced a better book if she had sung her pain in many metres.

*Persephone and Other Poems.* By K. McCosh Clark (Sampson Low). It is very pleasant to be able to praise, and we should like to write a few kind lines about Mrs. Clark's volume of verse; but, truth to tell, this would be a difficult task, unless faulty work were allowed to escape censure. We can detect in these two hundred pages no reason for their existence. A certain facility for stringing rhymes is apparent, love of flowers and Nature in all her guises is undoubtedly present; but the power to write down poetry—actual, elated, arresting poetry—is as absent from *Persephone and Other Poems* as tropical heat is from the North Pole. Under these circumstances it is not surprising to find Mrs. Clark using unbecoming means for ambitious subjects. Is it not something more than a pity to sing the return of Ulysses in stanzas so ordinary as these?

" What beggar at the gate doth stand,  
Unkempt, in sorry garments clad,  
And, leaning on his staff, with sad,  
Grey eye surveys the glutton band?

" Lo ! from within fall on his ear  
Loud song and strains of lute and lyre;  
Scarce bridles he his rising ire  
At the rude scoff and ribald jeer.

" He scans the revellers round, as one  
Who knows, and yet knows not, the throng  
Of faces, and who, absent long  
Returns to find some changed, some gone."

Not wishing to be unduly severe, we have searched this book carefully in the hope of finding some poems to commend. It is the fault of the authoress that we are disappointed.

*A Lover's Diary: Songs in Sequence.* By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.) It is all very well for Mr. Gilbert Parker to call his diary "Songs in Sequence." In reality this is a sequence of sonnets in the form affected by Shakespeare; and, to our thinking, 147 sonnets make too severe a call upon the chance reader. Only a very great poet can render a sequence of such a length tolerable. We can respect the talent, the enthusiasm, the energy

which are inseparable from the production of *A Lover's Diary*; but we cannot pretend to be much moved by Mr. Gilbert Parker's lyre. Let him give himself to us in prose. We know him for one of that small band of men who possess the right magic for telling a story as it should be told. In verse he loses vitality, though many of his sonnets are resonant and graphic. Sometimes, in common with most of those who handicap themselves by writing sequences of sonnets, Mr. Parker neither knows what to aim at nor what to miss. For instance, such a couplet as the following were better absent:

"My lady, bright benignant star, shine on!  
I lift to thee my low Trisagion."

This is no way to rhyme, and one of the three epithets is unfortunate. In the fragment we are about to quote there is a fine image, but why did the author allow the *tall* and *bal* to come so close together?

"When you and I have played the little hour,  
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death  
Yield up his sword. . . ."

There is a good thought spoiled by an ugly similarity of sound.

*Anthero de Quental*: Sixty-four Sonnets Englished by Edgar Prestage. (David Nutt.) In translating these sonnets from the Portuguese, Mr. Prestage set himself a hard task. He makes no claim to a perfection of rendering: he only wishes to arouse an interest in the extraordinary personality of Anthero de Quental. This he will certainly accomplish; but we cannot help regretting that he has printed many of his uncoouth lines, for some readers will surely form an incorrect opinion of the original. He should have taken a poet for mate. Though much may be gathered from these poems as to the individuality of their author, we have not found them the most interesting part of this beautiful little book. The autobiography which is included is a most important section, and may be cordially recommended to the attention of all those who are not stupidly insular.

NORMAN GALE.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. JOHN MURRAY will publish during the autumn *Lady Blennerhassett's Life of Tallyrand*, translated from the German by Mr. Frederick Clarke.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a book by the late Canon Liddon, entitled *Clerical Life and Work*.

FOR the series of "Great Educators," published by Mr. Heinemann, Mr. J. G. Fitch is writing a volume on Dr. Arnold and Matthew Arnold, with special reference to their influence on education.

ENCOURAGED by the reception given to M. K. Waliszewski's *The Romance of an Empress* (Catherine II. of Russia)—which has passed into a second edition—Mr. Heinemann has made arrangements for the translation of another of the same author's works, *Autour d'un Trône*, or "Royal Surroundings."

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish in the autumn all the collected stories of John Oliver Hobbes in a single volume, with illustrations by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

UNDER the title of *The Scottish Songster*, Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier announce a sketch of the life of Caroline, Baroness Nairne, author of "The Land o' the Leal." It is written by her great grand-niece (Mrs. A. R. Simpson), and will contain a number of portraits, a facsimile of handwriting, and a reproduction of a drawing by Lady Nairne of "The Auld House" at Gask.

THE "Fur and Feather" series will be completed by the addition of three more volumes: *The Pheasant*, written by Mr. A. J. Stuart-Wortley, the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, and Mr. A. J. Innes Shand; *The Hare and the Rabbit*, by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and others; and *Wildfowl*, by the Hon. Scott-Montagu and others.

IT is stated that Mr. J. B. Bury, of Trinity College, Dublin, has undertaken to prepare a new edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, with introductions, notes, and appendices, showing the results of recent knowledge.

THE next volume in the series of "Heroes of the Nations," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, will be Mr. Strachan Davidson's *Cicero*, and the Fall of the Roman Republic.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER, of Paisley, will publish next month a story by Mr. J. Gordon Phillips, entitled *A Highland Freebooter*, dealing with the romantic career of James Macpherson—he who "played a spring, an-danced it round, below the gallows tree"—and giving a picture of life and manners in the north of Scotland in the eighteenth century.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for early publication a work entitled *The Power of the Will*, by H. R. Sharman.

A VOLUME entitled *Parables and Sketches*, by Mr. Alfred E. Knight, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, with four illustrations by the author.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER will also publish shortly a story by Evelyn Everett-Green, entitled *Miss Uraca*, with four illustrations by Ella Burgess.

MESSRS. PERCY LUND & CO., have in the press a brochure entitled *Snap Shot Photography*, or the Pleasures of Hand Camera Work, by Mr. Martin J. Harding, illustrated with reproductions from his own photographs.

THE Sunday School Union announce the following for early publication:—*The Perfect Home*, by the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller; *The Teacher and the Class*, containing contributions from Archdeacon Farrar, the Rev. Dr. Stalker, the Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton, and the Rev. W. Douglas Mackenzie; *Under the War-Clouds*: a Tale of 1870, by E. F. Pollard, a lady who was attached to the nursing staff during the Franco-Prussian War; and, in the "Splendid Lives" series, *John Horden, Missionary Bishop*: a Life on the Shores of Hudson's Bay, by the Rev. A. R. Buckland, with illustrations.

THE *New Review* for September will contain a story by Sarah Grand, entitled "The Un-definable"; and reminiscences of Rossetti, by Miss Hall Caine, who knew the poet-painter when she was a child.

A SERIAL story by Mr. G. Manville Fenn, entitled "The Queen's Scarlet; or, by your Right" will be commenced in the number of *Chums* published next week. A tinted plate of "Wellington's First Encounter with the French," from the picture by Mr. George Joy, will also be given with this number.

THE Rev. W. J. Stavert, rector of Burnsall, in Yorkshire, has printed (in a very limited issue) the register of St. Mary's Chapel at Conistone in his own parish, which goes back to 1567; and also the first part of the parish register of Skipton-in-Craven, from 1592 to 1680. The latter, we may mention, contains entries concerning the Longfellow and the Wadsworths, from whom the American poet was descended.

WE learn from the *New York Critic* that Mr. Francis P. Harper has acquired the manuscript of Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard." It

fills eighteen pages and a half, and is bound at the end of a copy of the author's works in two volumes (London, 1818), a presentation set to Lamb's friend Barron Field. Each volume contains Field's book-plate; and the text has been enriched with many explanations and additions, presumably by that gentleman's hand.

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS has reprinted from the *Jewish Chronicle* a paper which he read last May before the Jewish Historical Society of England, upon "Little St. Hugh of Lincoln." As those who have read the author's *Jews of Angevin England* will anticipate, he does not content himself with telling again the old story; but he examines it critically, from the point of view of chronicle, ballad, and tradition, and is able to contribute a few fresh suggestions. The contemporary documents of the trial of the Jews for child-murder are not to be found at the Record Office; but Mr. Jacobs has been able to discover some which refer to subsequent proceedings. With the aid of Jewish names thus supplied, and other scattered evidence, he has attempted to piece together an ingenious narrative of the facts, as they may have actually occurred. It is a very pretty piece of historical reconstruction.

THE August number of the *British Chess Magazine* (Kegan Paul & Co.) contains an interesting document for the early history of chess. It is a MS. in Italian, describing and commenting upon a number of games; and both internal and external evidence seem to concur in assigning it to Polerio, a famous player of the end of the sixteenth century, who left other similar MSS., which have been described by Dr. Van der Linde.

THE name of Mr. Silva White was erroneously given in the last number of the ACADEMY as executor of the late Sir Samuel Baker.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### FREEDOM.

WHEN I would think of what is free,  
O timeless one, I think of thee!  
Thou hast forgotten how we went together

Across the heather  
Where I am left behind;  
And I rejoice thy motions are  
Swift, indifferent and far:  
The birthsprings of the wind  
Are for thy roving; and for me  
The joy of bringing all those things to mind  
We thought together,  
Treading the little pathways of the heather.

MICHAEL FIELD.  
On the Moors, Yorkshire.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE most important article in the current number of the *English Historical Review* (Longmans) is "The History of a Cambridgeshire Manor," by Prof. Maitland. The manor in question is that of Wilburton, which formed part of the ancient estates of the see of Ely, but was surrendered by the bishop to Queen Elizabeth, and now belongs to Mr. Albert Pell. The series of its court and account rolls extend almost continuously from Edward I. to Henry VIII. Prof. Maitland—who is careful not to generalise from a single example—first explains the administrative and economical system of the manor in the thirteenth century, showing how the main features continued practically unmodified for some four hundred years. The only material change is that the agricultural service due from the customary tenants was gradually commuted for a money rent, and this money rent, when once fixed, became permanent. Prof. Maitland also gives evidence to prove how the customary tenants slowly

acquired the status of freemen. The phrase of holding "by the rod and at the will of the lord according to the custom of the manor" goes back to the time of Richard II. The other articles are—the story of the conspiracy of Dr. Lopez, in the later years of Elizabeth's reign, by the Rev. Arthur Dimock; a continuation of Mr. M. Oppenheim's elaborate report on the administration of the navy under Charles I., in which he incidentally remarks that the present admiral's flag (St. George's cross on a white ground) dates from 1649; and a sketch of the career of Marshal Catinat, by Lieut.-Col. E. M. Lloyd. Among the original documents we may mention some papers of Holgate, Archbishop of York, in the time of Edward VI., edited from copies in the Bodleian by the Rev. Nicholas Pocock.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

CHETTLE, H. *The Tragedy of Hoffmann*. Nach d. Quarto v. 1831 im British Museum, hrsg. v. R. Ackermann. Bamberg: Uhlenhuth, 1. M. 50 Pf.

LANDSHUER, E. *Zur Biographie v. Chr. Thomasius*. Bonn: Coheia, 2 M.

LIVET, Ch. L. *Dictionnaire de la Langue de Molière comparé avec celle de ses contemporains*. Paris: Welter. 30 fr.

## THEOLOGY, ETC.

CORPUS scriptorum ecclesiasticorum latinorum. Vol. XXXI. B. Eucherii Lugdunensis opera omnia. Pars I. Rec. C. Wotke. Leipzig: Freytag. 5 M. 60 Pf.

USHERI, H. *Acta martyris Anastasii Persae, græca primum edidit H. U. Bonn: Coheia, 2 M.*

## HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

BLÖDIG, H. *Die Selbstverwaltung als Rechtsbegriff*. Wien: Braumüller. 8 M.

KINDER, v. KNOBLOCH, J. *Oberbadisches Geschlechterbuch*. 1. Bd. Heidelberg: Winter. 6 M.

KOHLER, J. *Gesammelte Beiträge zum Civil-process*. Berlin: Heymann. 12 M.

QUELLEN zur Geschichte der Stadt Hof. Hrsg. v. Ch. Meyer. Hof: Lion. 11 M.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

FAUTSCH, A. *Der Eibelachs. Eine biologisch-anatom. Studie*. Prag: Rivesac. 5 M.

LEIMBACH, K. A. *Untersuchungen üb. die verschiedenen Moralsysteme*. Fuldai. 1 M. 50 Pf.

ÖSTEN SACKEN, C. R. *The oxen-born Bees of the Ancients (Bugonia)*. Heidelberg: Höning. 2 M.

PENZIG, O. *Pflanzen-Teratologie, systematisch geordnet*. 2. Bd. Berlin: Friedländer. 20 M.

## PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BOAS, F. *Der Eskimo-Dialekt d. Cumberland-Sundes*. I. Wien: Holder. 3 M.

KITTERL, F. A. *A Kannada-English Dictionary*. Basel: Mission-Buchhandlung. 22 M.

KUNZ, F. *Realien in Vergili Aeneis*. 1. Thl. Kriegswesen u. Privatleben. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

ZUMETIKOS, A. M. *De Alexandri Olympiadique epistularum fontibus et reliquiis*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

WILLIAM BROWNE, OF TAVISTOCK.

Aug. 16, 1894.

While engaged on the pleasant task of editing the poems of William Browne, of Tavistock, for Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's "Muses' Library," I was fortunate enough to make several small discoveries concerning Browne's life and writings which were handsomely acknowledged by Mr. A. H. Bullen in his introduction to the book.

Perhaps the most important of these finds was the administration act relating to Browne's property, dated November 6, 1645, which affords positive proof: first, that the poet died in the 'poore cell' which, as he tells Sir Benjamin Rudyard, he had chosen for his "sequestration from all businesse" at Dorking, in Surrey; and secondly, by a comparison of dates, that the William Browne who was buried at Ottery St. Mary on December 1, 1645, could not possibly be the author of "Britannia's Pastors," as Anthony à Wood surmised (*Athenae* ii, 366).

Wood's careless conjecture has been repeated as an absolute certainty by many writers on Ottery St. Mary, among others by Mr. F. G. Coleridge in the *Transactions* of the Exeter

Diocesan Architectural Society (i., 52). Without adducing a particle of evidence for such a statement, Mr. Coleridge informs his readers that Browne was "for many years a resident at Ottery," and adds that Robert Southey, when visiting the church, told him that from "internal evidence," as well as from the "fact" of Browne's residence at Ottery, he thought the fine epitaphs in St. Stephen's Chapel, commencing with "Under this monument lies one" (1617) and "If wealth, wit, beauty, youth, or modest mirth," (1618) were written by him. Archdeacon Cornish, too, in his *Short Notes on Ottery St. Mary* (p. 34) gives Browne a place in "biographical notices of deceased persons connected with the parish." There is nothing in Browne's writings or in the parish register to connect him with Ottery; I have proved that he cannot be the man buried there in 1645; while to establish the authorship of the epitaphs, it would have to be shown that Browne, who was certainly no professional epitaph-maker, had acquaintance with the persons whose virtues they celebrate.

While on the subject of anonymously-written epitaphs, I may mention that Browne's versicles on "Man" (*Poems*, ii., 285), which he has also introduced into the first song of the third book of "Britannia's Pastors" (*ib.*, ii., 44), appear to be a feeble imitation of the poem beginning "Like to the falling of a star," which is found among the poems of both Francis Beaumont and Bishop Henry King, and which in turn bears a striking similarity to the twelve pretty lines engraved on Alderman Humble's monument in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, commencing, "Like to the damask rose you see."

Nor do I think that Tavistock can claim the honour of being Browne's burial-place. Through the kindness of the vicar, I have satisfied myself that the register is saturated with Brownes, people of low degree, in no way connected with the poet. The man interred there on March 27, 1643, might well be one of these. Were he the poet, it is scarcely likely that his widow would neglect to take out letters of administration until two years after his death, especially as the property left by the poet appears to have been of considerable value. In the unsettled state of the country, anyone interested in the estate of a deceased person would promptly take all necessary measures to get possession of it by application to the proper court. Besides, Browne in his latter days was oftener seen, I suspect, at Horsham in Sussex—an easy distance from Dorking, where two of his wife's relatives lived—than at Tavistock; and he might, with far greater show of reason, be identical with the William Browne, "householder," buried at Horsham on September 9, 1642, than with the man interred at Tavistock in the following year.

I believe that Browne was buried where he died, at Dorking, despite the silence of the register. The one entry in the Dorking register which relates remotely to him is that recording the burial of his sister-in-law, Joyce, the wife of Robert Coyntmore, and youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield, Knt., of Den, Horsham. She died at Dorking, probably in Browne's house, on October 24, 1643, after a brief experience of married life, and was buried on the 27th in the chancel, a circumstance noted very conspicuously in the register.

Certainly nothing is to be found concerning Browne and his family in the registers of the parishes round Dorking, such as Leigh, where there is a Browne vault, Reigate, and Betchworth, the family seat; nor was he buried in Salisbury Cathedral, near his patrons, the Herberts. The registers of the Temple Church have also been searched for traces of him, as have those of the neighbouring churches of St. Dunstan and St. Bride, Fleet-street.

GORDON GOODWIN.

## ON AN ANCIENT METHOD OF COMPUTING LOSSES IN WAR.

Oxford: Aug. 14, 1894.

According to Procopius, when an ancient Persian army set out on an expedition, each soldier, in the presence of the king and his general, threw an arrow into a wicker basket (*τάρπη, δρυχεός*), which was then sealed up with the royal signet. When the expedition was ended, the baskets were unsealed, and each soldier that returned drew out one of the arrows, the remainder whereof, being counted, showed the number of his comrades that had been killed in battle or taken prisoners. As the Byzantine historians are not always at hand, I will quote the original from Dindorf's edition (Bonn, 1833, pp. 97, 98):

ὑμός ἐστι Πέρσαις, ἥρικα ἐπὶ τῶν πολεμίων τινὰς στρατεύεσθαι μέλλουσι, τὸν μὲν βασιλέως ἐπὶ θρόνου τοῦ βασιλείου καθῆσθαι, κοφίνους δὲ οἱ πολλοὶ ἐντάσσειν τὴν εἶναι, καὶ παρεῖναι μὲν τὸν στρατηγὸν, διὸ δὴ τῷ στρατῷ ἐπὶ τὸν διαντίους ἐχρηστεῖν εἰπόντος ἐστι, παρείναι δὲ τὸ στρατεύειν τούτο ἐπὶ τοῦ βασιλέως τὴν ὄντινα καὶ ἄνδρα ἑταῖρα, καὶ αὐτῶν ἐκποτῶν Βέλος ἐν ἐπὶ τὰς τύρπας ῥιπεῖν, μετὰ δὲ αὐτὰς μὲν τῷ βασιλέως σφραγίδι κατεσφυγμένας φυλάσσεσθαι, ἐπέιδαν δὲ ἐπὶ Πέρσας ἐπανοι τὸ στρατεύειν τούτο, τῷ στρατιωτῶν ἐκποτῶν ἐκ τῶν ἀρρίχων ἐπὶ ἀφεσίδαις βέλος. ἀριθμούντες οὖν τῶν βελῶν ὅπερ πρὸ τῶν ἀνδρῶν οὐκ ἀντιτίθεται, οἷς ἐπίκειται ἡ τιμὴ αὐτῆς, ἀγγέλλουσι τῷ βασιλέι τὸ πλήθος τῶν οὐκ ἐπανικόνθων στρατιωτῶν, ταῦτη τε δοῦται ἐπὶ τῷ πολέμῳ τετελευτήσασις ἐνδῆλοι γίνονται. οὐταὶ μὲν οὖν Πέρσαις δὲ νόμος δὲ ταλαιπώζει.

The late Sir Samuel Ferguson, in a prefatory note to his noble poem of "Conary," pointed out the similarity of this Persian practice to the following incident in the ancient Irish romance, "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," of which there is a copy in a MS. of the end of the eleventh, or the beginning of the twelfth, century :

Toscrethar bedg na dbergaig a Tracht Fairbthen 7 doberat cloich each fir leo do chur chairnd, ar ba si deochair lasna fianna hi tessuch eter organ 7 maidm n-imairic. Corthe nochlants intan bad maidm n-imairic. Card immor focheritis intan bad n-orgain. Carnd rolaistet iaron intan sin uairo be organ. . . . Ar dib fáth[al]b dorig[en] set a carnad 1. ar ba bós carnad la dibig 7 dano co fintáis a n-esbada oc Brudin. Cach éon nothicfad sláu tadi noberad a cloich asin charnd, co farctais immor cloch[al] in lochta n mairfis occi, conid assin rofessatár a n-esbada. Conid ed ármít éolaig in tsenchesha conid fer each cloch fil hi Carnad Leca romarbaid dona dbergaic ob Brudin.

"The marauders started from Tracht Fairbthe,\* and they bring a stone for each man to build a cairn, for this was the distinction which the Fianna formerly made between a Massacre and the outbreak of an Onslaught. When it was the outbreak of an Onslaught they used to plant a pillar-stone; but, when it was a Massacre, they used to build a cairn. On that occasion it was a Massacre, so they set up a cairn. . . . For two causes they made the cairn, (first) because it was the custom of marauders (to do so), and (secondly) in order that they might know their losses at the Hostel. Whoever came thence safely would take his stone from the cairn, and the stones of those that were slain were left therein. And hence they would ascertain their losses. And those that know the story relate that for every stone which is (now) in Carn Leca there was one of the marauders slain at the Hostel."—Lebor na hUidre, pp. 86<sup>b</sup>-87<sup>a</sup>.

At the end of the tale we have :

Imthús immor na [n]dibergach cach oen terna dib ó Brudin dolltar cosin carnd dondrónsat isind aidiach remideogaid, 7 bertar cloich each fir béo-gáiti leo ass. Conid ed romárbad dib oc Brudin, fer each cloch fil hi Carnad Leca.

"But, as for the marauders, everyone of them that escaped from the Hostel went to the cairn which they had built on the night before last, and

\* A strand near Malahide, about nine miles north of Dublin.

thereout they took a stone for each man of them not mortally wounded. So that this is what was slain of them at the Hostel, a man for every stone in Carn Leca."—*Lebor na hUidle*, p. 99<sup>a</sup>.

The instance just quoted is thus referred to in the *Dindenscas*, that curious collection of topographical legends compiled, probably, in the twelfth century. I will quote from the copy in the Irish MS. at Rennes (fo. 99<sup>b</sup> 2<sup>a</sup>):

dia tu[d]cadar tri meic Commind meic Connaic [7] tri hui Désa oihci samna do thig Deirg do gabail Bruidne da Derga for Conaire, commus tor[r]achadar bi Sláib Lecca, co n-eabart Lomna Druth friu cloch each fir do fáividh isin taleib, ar co fesdair a lin ac dul 7 co ferdais a tesbuidhe ic tuidecht on togailt sin, 7 facbait cloch each mairb ann.

"When the three sons of Conmenn son of Conmac and the three grandsons of Désa, marched on Halloween to Derg's house to take Da Derga's Hostel on Conary, they arrived at Slab Lecca, and Lomna Druth told them to set a stone [a handstone, *tac laime*, according to the Book of Leinster] for each man of them on the mountain, so that they might know their number when going to, and their losses when coming from, that Destruction; and there for every dead man they leave a stone."

The same tale is told in verse in the Book of Leinster, p. 195<sup>a</sup>, ll. 11-26.

In the *Dindenscas* of Carn Mál we seem to have another instance of the practice. I quote the oldest copy—that in the *Book of Leinster*, p. 170<sup>b</sup> 17<sup>c</sup>:

Lugaid Mál rocuired a Herinn lucht cethri long co hAlbain, co toracht arfithisi dochum Herenn co mórlongs Alban, co tucastar cath do Ultaib 7 co roemid riam. Cloch dano each fir doriacht don catha la Lugaid, is de doronad in carn, 7 is fair robái Lugaid oc cur in chatha.

"Lugaid Mál ('Lord') was driven out of Ireland to Scotland with the crews of four ships. But he came again to Ireland with Scotland's great fleet, and gave battle to the Ulstermen and routed them. For each man who came with Lugaid to the battle there was a stone, and thereof was built the cairn (called Carn Mál), and Lugaid was on that cairn while fighting the battle."

So far as I know, the history of the Farquharsons (*Clann Ferchar*) furnishes the latest instance of the practice in question. According to the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. xii., p. 650,

"about seven miles down [the Braemar valley], on the north side of the river Dee, there is a narrow pass between the water and the base of a high hill, and through this pass runs the line of road leading to Aberdeen and also to Fort George, and close by is a large cairn of small stones, which is called *Carn na Cuimhne*, that is, *the cairn of remembrance*. Under the feudal (*sic*) system, when the chieftains on any alarm being given called out their adherents, they had to march through this pass, and on the said cairn each laid down a stone, by which means every successive party could discern the number that had advanced towards the scene of action, and upon their return, by counting the stones thus deposited, it was di covered how many of the men were amiss, or had fallen in the field of battle."

Nearly to the same effect writes Mr. MacConnochie in his *Deeside*, p. 128:

"*Carn na Cuimhne* was the slogan of the Farquharsons. The story told of this cairn is that when each clansman attended at the muster-ground he brought a stone which he laid down near the cairn. On the return from the expedition to which they had been summoned each survivor removed a stone from the heap, and the stones thus left

\* Other copies are in the Book of Ballymote, p. 366<sup>a</sup>; the Book of Lecan, p. 463<sup>a</sup>; and H. 3, 3, p. 21<sup>a</sup>.

† MS. tocbail.

‡ Other copies are in the Rennes MS., fo. 118<sup>a</sup>; the Book of Ballymote, p. 402<sup>a</sup>; the Book of Lecan, p. 511<sup>b</sup>; and H. 3, 3, p. 63<sup>a</sup>.

answered to the number of the slain, and were then added to the cairn."

This, or a similar oral tradition, seems to have been the source of some touching verses in *Ionica* (London, 1891), p. 49. The deceased author was Mr. Wm. Johnson (afterwards Cory), a fellow of King's, Cambridge, and an Eton master:

"A prince went down the banks of Dee  
That widen out from bleak Braemar  
To drive the deer that wander free  
Amidst the pines of Lochnagar.  
"And stepping on beneath the birks  
On the roadside he found a spot  
Which told of pirochs, kilts and dirks,  
And wars the courtiers had forgot;  
"Where with the streams, as each alone  
Down to the gathering river runs,  
Each on one heap to cast a stone,  
Came twice three hundred Farquharsons.  
"They raised that pile to keep for ever  
The memory of the loyal clan;  
Then, grudging not their vain endeavour,  
Fell at Culloden to a man.  
"And she whose grandsire's uncle slew  
Those dwellers on the banks of Dee,  
Sighed for those tender hearts and true,  
And whispered: Who would die for me?"

Perhaps some Highlander who knows will say (1) whether the Farquharsons who marched to Culloden under Farquharson of Monaltrie erected a cairn? (2) if so, whether this cairn is identified with the *Cairn na Cuimhne*? and (3) whether there is any other instance of the practice described in this letter?

WHITLEY STOKES.

#### THE OGHAM X AT DONARD.

Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, N.B.: Aug. 19, 1894.

I have read with much interest Mr. Macalister's remarks on the Ogham inscription at Donard, which, from the INIQI or INIGI of Mr. Brash and Sir Samuel Ferguson, he has developed into IAQINIXOI, assuming the imperfect seventh character to be the Ogham sign X.

In reference to the writer's courteous mention of my attempt to fix the value of that sign, permit me to explain that the doubt he indicates as to my concurrence with him in judging that "y hardly expresses the guttural sound of the letter," and that it is only an "approximate equivalent," bespeaks on his part some slight misapprehension of my views, which were fully stated in the ACADEMY of March 17, 1894.

To make this clear—the question being important—perhaps I may be allowed to quote a few sentences from the statement referred to: "The Ogham X," I wrote, "cannot in some cases have the value of ea, but can only represent a consonant . . . possibly g or k passing into semi-vowel sounds . . . like one of the Runes, which had the power of e, sometimes of i, and often of x or a" (Canon Taylor). . . . I am inclined to think that the Ogham sign was a semi-consonant, with a pronunciation variously combining h with c or g, or softening into y. Among modern letters, perhaps y in its various functions is the nearest general equivalent to the Ogham sign X."

It is this last sentence which Mr. Macalister has too exclusively considered; it was merely illustrative, my rendering of the sign is offered in the sentences that go before.

In the Donard inscription, dealing with the same character, Mr. Macalister seems inclined to read it as P, which he tentatively adopts in his diagram. Frankly speaking, I cannot persuade myself that the sign ever signified P. The "Turpili" bilingual legend furnishes the sole reason for such an inscription, yet the letter and the sign there seems to be alterna-

\* Farquharson of Invercauld did not, I believe, "go out" in the Forty-five.

tives more probably than equivalents. It has been but little noted that the Ogham alphabet did, at some period, possess an equivalent for P: "A short line drawn parallel to the stem-line represents the consonant P" (O'Donovan *Ir. Gram.*, p. xlvi).

Viewing this even as a late and pedantic fancy, it tends to show that the letter thus provided for had no existing representative.

Accepting—in the Donard inscription—Mr. Macalister's IAQINI, may we suppose these letters to be the genitive termination of a proper name, incomplete perhaps at the outset as the stone is partly buried? The X might then begin another word, as at Monataggart—BROINENAS XONINETAT DRENALUGOS?

In confirmation of the view that X sometimes represents a guttural consonant, compare two Ogham legends found in a cave at Dunloe—MAQI TTAL MAQI FORGOS MAQI MUCOI TOICAC, and DEGO MAQI MUCOI TOICAXI (Brash, *Og. Mon.*, pp. 232-4).

SOUTHESK.

#### HONORARY DEGREES AT HALLE.

Cambridge: Aug. 18, 1894.

I am glad to find that the ACADEMY is quite right, and that I was in the wrong. The notice that the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon me at Halle on August 3 reached me on August 17: a fortnight after the event. It seems probable that some previous communication, intended for me, was lost in the post.

I apologise for the mistake, a natural one under all the circumstances.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

[The name of Mr. F. H. M. Blaydes ought to have been included among the Englishmen upon whom the University of Halle conferred the honorary degree of Ph.D. Mr. Blaydes was, indeed, the centre of the proceedings. The "Vespa" was performed in his honour; and he made a large present to the printer at Halle who had carried through his monumental edition of Aristophanes.

We may add that Mr. Blaydes has just published *Adversaria in Tragicorum Graecorum Fragmenta* (423 pp.). It is dedicated to Prof. Robinson Ellis, "studiosissimo et in auctoribus tum Graecis tum Latinis emendandis feliciter versato."

We may further take this opportunity of stating that the University of Königsberg has conferred the honorary degree of Ph.D. upon Prof. Robinson Ellis, who is thus described in the diploma: "summo philologorum Britanniae decori, faustissima Latinorum poetarum censura praecepit Catulli carminum doctis et laboriosis editionibus principi non superato."—ED. ACADEMY.)

#### SCIENCE.

##### SOME BOTANICAL BOOKS

FOUR parts have now been issued of Prof. F. W. Oliver's *Natural History of Plants*, translated from the German of Kerner von Mariann (Blackie). When completed, this will be a Text-book of Botany such as has never yet appeared in the English language, not only adapted for the general reader, but indispensable also to the scientific botanist who desires to keep abreast of his subject. If the promise of the early numbers be fulfilled, it will deal in the most exhaustive way, not only with the structure of plants, but with all the intricate and difficult questions connected with their physiology. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and possess the unusual merit of being also original. Each part has also a beautiful coloured frontispiece. The work is intended to be completed in sixteen monthly

parts, and will be one of the best and cheapest scientific works ever produced in this country.

*An Introduction to Structural Botany.* By D. H. Scott. (A. & C. Black.) Notwithstanding the numerous existing manuals of botany, this fills a useful place not previously occupied. It has the advantage of not having been written as a text-book for examinees, and is therefore independent of any arbitrary syllabus. Three types—the wall-flower, the white lily, the spruce fir—are taken as representing the three great divisions of flowering plants, Dicotyledons, Monocotyledons, and Gymnosperms; and all the important points of structure and physiology are adequately treated. Many of the illustrations have been drawn specially for the work; others have been selected with discretion. The work ought to be widely used by botanical students.

PROF. F. O. BOWER'S *Practical Botany for Beginners* (Macmillans) is an abridgment of the elementary portions of his standard *Course of Practical Instruction in Botany*. It is intended as a guide to beginners in the first steps of their laboratory work, and may be trusted as such. The drawback to its use is the very small number of illustrations, without which the clearest description is often unintelligible to the beginner. This defect will almost compel the student to have also at hand some other more copiously illustrated handbook.

#### HIEROGLYPHS IN CRETE.

WE quote from the *Times* the following report of a paper on "A New System of Hieroglyphs and a Pre-Phoenician Script from Crete and the Peloponnesus," read by Mr. Arthur J. Evans before the British Association in the section of anthropology:—

"Mr. Evans called attention to the widespread existence of forms of picture-writing among primitive peoples. It stood to reason that analogous systems had once existed within the European area, and some traces might still be perhaps found in such prehistoric relics as the mysterious figures known as the Maraviglie, carved on a limestone rock in the heart of the Maritime Alps. He himself had found painted pictographic designs of a like nature on a Dalmatian cliff, and in Lapland they might still be said to survive. But evidence of the existence of a fully-developed hieroglyphic system on European soil had been hitherto lacking, though recent discoveries had established the fact that in Asia Minor, the prehistoric remains of which showed such intimate connexion with those of the Greek and Thracian lands, a hieroglyphic system had grown up, independent of the Egyptian, to which the general name of "Hittite" had been given. The revelations, begun by Dr. Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenae and still accumulating every day, had brought to light on the soil of Greece itself a very ancient civilisation, in many respects the equal contemporary of those of Egypt and Babylonia; and they might well ask themselves, 'Was this civilisation wholly dumb? Were the Mycenaeans so far below many savage races as to have no written form of inter-communication?' Homer at least contained a hint that some form of written symbols was in use. During a journey to Greece in the preceding year, he himself had obtained a clue to the existence of a peculiar kind of seal stones, the chief find-spot of which seemed to be Crete, presenting symbols of a hieroglyphic nature. This spring he had been able to follow up his inquiries by the exploration of the ancient sites of Central and Eastern Crete; and the result of his researches had been to bring to light a series of stones presenting pictographic symbols of the same nature, so that he was now able to put together over seventy symbols belonging to an independent hieroglyphic system. More than this, he had discovered, partly on stones of similar form, partly engraved on prehistoric vases and other materials, a series of linear characters, a certain proportion of which seemed to grow out of the pictorial forms. Both these sys-

tems of writing were represented on the diagrams before them. It would be seen that, as in the case of the Egyptian and Hittite symbols, the Cretan hieroglyphs fell into certain distinct classes, such as parts of the human body, arms and implements, animal and vegetable forms, objects relating to maritime life, astronomical and geometrical symbols. Some of them, such as the two crossed arms with expanded palms, belonged to that interesting class of pictographs which is rooted in primitive gesture language. The symbols occurred in groups, and there were traces of a boustrophedon arrangement in the several lines. The comparisons instituted showed some interesting affinities to Hittite forms. Among the tools represented, Mr. Evans was able to recognise the 'template' or 'templet' of a decorative artist, and with the assistance of a model of this symbol; taken in connexion with a design supplied by a Mycenean gem found in Crete, he was able to reconstruct a Mycenean painted ceiling analogous to those of Orchomenus and the XVIIth Dynasty Egyptian tombs of Thebes (c. 1660 B.C.). The linear and more alphabetic series of symbols was shown to fit on to certain signs engraved on the walls of what was apparently a Mycenean palace at Knossos, and again to two groups of signs on vase handles from Mycenae. It was thus possible to reconstruct a Mycenean script of some twenty-four characters, each probably having a syllabic value. It further appeared that a large proportion of these were practically identical with the syllabic signs that survived among the Greeks of Cyprus to a comparatively late date. This Cypriote system threw a light on the phonetic value of the Mycenean. Resuming the results arrived at, Mr. Evans said that they had now before them two systems of primitive script—one pictographic, the other linear—both, as was shown by the collateral archaeological evidence, belonging to the second millennium before our era and to the days before the Phoenician alphabet had been introduced among the Greeks. The relations of these two forms of script to one another still needed elucidation, and they certainly overlapped one another chronologically. Some pictorial forms, however, of the one class clearly appeared in a linear form in the other, the double axe, for instance, being found in two stages of linearisation—the simpler form identical with the Cypriote character *le*. On the whole, the pictographic or hieroglyphic series seemed more peculiarly indigenous to Crete, and the linear forms to be Mycenean in the widest sense. The Eteocretans, or indigenous stock of the island, who preserved their language and nationality in the easternmost district of Crete to the borders of the historic period, certainly used these hieroglyphs. Mr. Evans gave reasons, based on his recent archaeological discoveries in Eastern Crete, for believing—what had long been suspected on historic and linguistic grounds—that the Philistines, who, according to unanimous Hebrew tradition, came from the Mediterranean islands, and who were often actually called Krethi in the Bible, in fact represented this old indigenous Cretan stock, and that they had here the relics and the writing of 'the Philistines at home.' In Egyptian monuments these people, who came from the 'islands of the sea,' were seen bearing tributary vases of forms which recurred on a whole series of engraved gems seen or collected by Mr. Evans in Eastern and Central Crete. Their dress, their peaked shoes, their long hair falling under their arms, all reappeared on Cretan designs representing the inhabitants of the island in Mycenean times. In view of these facts, Mr. Evans asked whether certain remarkable parallels observable between some of the Cretan photographs and the earliest forms of Phoenician letters might not best explain themselves by this early Cretan colonisation of the Syrian coasts."

In continuation of the above, we quote from the *New York Nation* the following letter, addressed by Dr. Halbherr to Prof. A. C. Merriam, describing the results of his excavations in Crete, under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America:—

"My recent explorations have extended from the heights of Camares, upon the southern slopes of Ida, as far as the mountains of Lassithi toward the provinces of Pediada and Rhizokastron. After

the partial examination of the necropoles of Curtes and Camares, I made an important investigation in the necropolis of Erganos, where I searched three beehive tombs of the Mycenean epoch, one of which was quite intact and completely preserved. It contained the remains of six bodies with all their funeral furniture, consisting of a varied collection of Mycenean vases, almost unharmed, and in the original position in which they were deposited a thousand years before Christ. These were all gathered after their position had been noted, careful plans were made of the tombs, and the best preserved skulls were deposited in the museum at Candia, where they will serve for the study of the race which spread the Mycenean culture in Crete. The importance of this discovery is enhanced by the fact that no necropolis here has ever been studied before with scientific accuracy. Now we have the materials from Camares, Curtes, and Erganos for the first essay upon these primitive remains in Crete, and for considerably advancing the question of the Mycenean culture in the isles of the Mediterranean.

"Besides this, I have discovered two towns hitherto unknown. The one is that to which the necropolis upon the mountains of Erganos belonged, the other a large city situated upon a height between Lyttos and Tnatos. The former was rather poor; the latter has furnished me with some inscriptions, one of which was archaic, and also a good harvest of fragments of fine Mycenean vases and of archaic Greek pottery with representations in relief. I obtained here also some small prehistoric or Eteocretan stones, bearing new syllabic signs which connect them with the discoveries made recently by Mr. Arthur J. Evans. I too have turned my attention to the study of this prehistoric writing of Crete, and am adding some contribution each day. During the past week I have entered in my list two new signs on two stones discovered at Vorus, near Phaestus.

"We have also explored a grotto near Lebena, where some vases were found similar to those called Theran (often placed about 2000 B.C.), some objects in stone, and a prehistoric habitation. In another grotto situated on the slopes of Ida, a large number of fragments of very ancient pottery have also been gathered."

Finally, we may mention that M. Salomon Reinach has an article on the subject in the current number of *L'Anthropologie*, in which he claims (not unnaturally) that the discoveries of Mr. Evans confirm his view of the independence of a primitive European civilisation. Incidentally he remarks concerning the anticipations of Prof. Sayce, "que l'on trouve de nos jours à l'avant-garde de toutes les grandes découvertes."

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

THE date fixed for the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich next year is September 11, with Sir Douglas Galton for president. Liverpool has been chosen as the place of meeting in 1896; and Toronto has been encouraged to give an invitation for the following year. It has also been decided that section D be henceforth called zoology, instead of biology; that a separate section be constituted for botany; and that section I. consist of physiology, with experimental pathology and experimental psychology—the last mentioned change to come into operation at the Liverpool meeting.

THE following is a list of the grants of money appropriated to scientific purposes by the general committee:—

"*Mathematics and Physics.*—Prof. Carey Foster, electrical standards, £25; Mr. G. J. Symons, photographs of meteorological phenomena, £10; Lord Rayleigh, mathematical tables, unexpended balance; Mr. G. J. Symons, earth tremors, £75; Dr. E. Atkinson, abstracts of physical papers, £100; Mr. Howard Fox, reduction of magnetic observations made at Falmouth Observatory, £50; Prof. A. W. Böcker, comparison of magnetic standards, £25; the Rev. R. Harley, calculation of

certain integrals, £15; Lord McLaren, meteorological observations on Ben Nevis, £50; Prof. S. P. Thompson, uniformity of size of pages of *Transactions*, &c., £5.

*Chemistry*.—Sir H. E. Roscoe, wave-length tables of the spectra of the elements, £10; Dr. T. E. Thorpe, action of light upon dyed colours, £5; Prof. H. E. Armstrong, formation of haloids from pure materials, £20; Prof. W. A. Tilden, isomeric naphthalene derivatives, £30; Prof. J. E. Reynolds, electrolytic quantitative analysis, £40.

*Geology*.—Prof. E. Hull, erratic blocks, £10; Prof. T. Wilshire, palaeozoic phyllopods, £5; Prof. J. Geikie, photographs of geological interest £10; Mr. J. Horne, shell-bearing deposits at Clava, &c., £10; Dr. R. H. Traquair, eurypterids of the Pentland Hills, £3; Mr. H. B. Woodward, new sections of Stonesfield slate, £50; Mr. R. H. Tiddeman, exploration of Calf Hole Cave, £10; Prof. T. G. Bonney, investigation of a coral reef by boring and sounding, £10; Sir John Evans, nature and probable age of high-level flint-drifts, £10; Prof. A. H. Green, examination of locality where the cetiosaurus in the Oxford Museum was found, £20.

*Biology*.—Dr. P. L. Sclater, table at the Zoological station, Naples, £100; Mr. G. C. Bourne, table at the Biological Laboratory, Plymouth, £20; Prof. W. A. Herdman, zoology, botany, and geology of the Irish Sea, £40; Dr. P. L. Sclater, zoology and botany of the West India Islands, £50; Sir W. H. Flower, index of genera and species of animals, £50.

*Geography*.—Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, climatology of Tropical Africa, £5; Mr. H. Seebom, exploration of Hadramaut, £50.

*Mechanical Science*.—Prof. A. B. W. Kennedy, calibration and comparison of measuring instruments, £50.

*Anthropology*.—Prof. A. Macalister, anthropometric measurements in schools, £5; Dr. R. Munro, lake village at Glastonbury, £30; Sir J. Evans, exploration of a kitchen-midden at Hastings, £10; Mr. E. W. Brabrook, ethnographical survey, £30.

*Physiology*.—Prof. M'Kendrick, physiological applications of the phonograph, £25.

“Prof. R. Meldola—corresponding societies, £30.

“Total, £1093.”

## FINE ART.

*Sandro Botticelli*. Von Hermann Ullmann. (Munich.)

HERMANN ULLMANN has done his work well. He has, perhaps, discovered nothing, but he has omitted nothing; he has grouped his facts, he has pondered their significance, he has carefully described everything he has seen, and, on the whole, temperately described it; he has inserted in his text process-plates, no worse, and some better than the generality of such wares; he has added an index (a good index) and a list, nearly complete, of his man's works. In this list he has, with a superfluity of exhaustiveness, given his notion of the authenticity of each piece; and if here he shows himself a Morellian or (even more trenchantly) a Frizzonian, it must be added of him that he has tempered his oracular dispensations with deliberate criticisms—which Signor Frizzoni with his swashng blow is not apt to do. It is not easy to find him tripping in this part of his book. There are, however, to be added a little Saint Barbara at Lucca, a Virgin and Child of Mr. Wayne's, lately at the New Gallery, and a beautiful Simonetta, once Lord Dudley's and sold at Christie's two years ago as a Filippino Lippi—which it transparently was not. But as to his critical decisions upon the genuineness of pictures bearing Sandro's name, that is another

affair. I hold him wrong in taking away from Botticelli and giving to a providentially named Botticini the National Gallery Assumption, wrong in giving to Piero di Cosimo the Chantilly Simonetta, and to Sandro the girl's portrait in the Pitti. The Duc d'Aumale's picture has the vigorous brutality and flatness of the Pollajuoli, the Pitti portrait can only be a Piero della Francesca and has nothing to do with Simonetta Vespucci, who, whatever else she was, was a beauty. On the matter of the Assumption in our gallery, I may be permitted to refer to the ACADEMY for January 9, 1892, where I adduced the reasons which led me to waive Signor Frizzoni's similar opinion. Herr Ullmann, who, like Frizzoni and everybody else, wholly misses the point of the picture and its heretical content, decides against Sandro's authorship, upon the ground that his drawing of a more or less identical subject—the cloud of angels in one of the Dante illustrations—is a much better piece of work. But the argument has no force. For, to begin with, the subject is not the same: in the Assumption the heavenly host is contemplative, in still ecstasy; in the Dante drawing they illustrate Dante, for

“Questi ordini di su tutti rimirano,  
E di giù vincon sì, che verso Dio  
Tutti tirati sono, e tutti tirano.”

The “tanto disio” of Dionysius, and of Dante, and of Botticelli had to be expressed. Again, there was hardly a painter of Florence whose drawing was not bolder and technically better than his painting. Florence was pre-eminently a school of drawing; so, for that matter, was Umbria. Compare Perugino's drawing with his painting, compare Lippi's, Verrochio's! They had a pen line not to be equalled for tenderness and expression; they could wash clouds of colour into their bistre and sepia, which never appear in their crimson and gold altar-pieces. Sandro with a pen and Sandro with his brushes were different men: one was an artist; the other, by comparison, a conscientious mechanic, before whose incrustations of detail and goldsmithry the creative line too often disappeared. On the Simonetta question I should like to enlarge, but forbear out of tenderness for my space. Tradition (not always, and never wilfully, a liar) gives her name to Sandro's most lovely and most girlish Venuses and Madonnas. She is said to endow the foamborn Venus (in the Uffizi) with her witchery and pathos; she is said to be behind the woful, wan Zipporah in the Sistine Chapel; again she is the Madonna Incoronata; in the magnificent *tondo* in the National Gallery (which Herr Ullmann, by some inconceivable aberration of insight, denies to Botticelli), it is she who gives our Lady the rapt gaze of a Mysteriarch.\* If

\* This beautiful piece has also led Mrs. Costelloe astray in the serious pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. She there announced three discoveries concerning it: first, it was signed on the back by Sangallo the architect; second (and consequently), it was painted by him; third, the National Gallery authorities had wickedly concealed the signature. It is only necessary to say that a signature on the back of a fifteenth-century picture does not denote authorship, but ownership; and that, if printing the signature in the Catalogue be concealment, then the Gallery has “wilfully hidden” Sangallo's name.

she is here, then, she is also, beyond all cavil, the original of the Frankfort and Dudley portraits; nor is there any difficulty in tracing her resemblance in the Chantilly portrait which has her name—SIMONETTA JANVENSIS VESPUCCI—inscribed at its base. The difference of handling and the difference of conception, which betray a different authorship, would account for the fall from dignity to impudence, from *debonnaireté à che*. Herr Ullmann is not ready with any decision. He does not, of course, accept the Pitti portrait. If that is Simonetta, she is in none of Sandro's pictures—

“Candida è ella, e candida la vesta,  
Ma pur di rose e fior dipinta e d'erba:  
Lo inanellato crin dell' aurea testa  
Scende nella fronte umilmente superba”—

says Politian of her. None of that is in the drooping little girl of the Pitti. And, on the other hand, he takes the Frankfort portrait to be merely a “Schönheitsideal” of the painter's, but compares it, truly enough, with one of the Hours (the central one) in the Primavera (whose gaze, oddly, is riveted on the Giuliano-Hermes), and with the Venus of the Nascita and of our Mars and Venus. So that, perhaps, with me, he has a sneaking kindness for the tradition which saw her filling these beautiful forms with their expressiveness.

Our age may claim, with some complacency, that it has discovered Sandro Botticelli. Perhaps he “supplies a want” brought upon us by the revival of Gothic and the Oxford Movement; for it is certain that he is much sought in circles to whom Madonnas are more than Venuses, and who take no satisfaction in the thought that to Sandro they were much the same. The fashion in pictures is a curious study. What young poet of Keats's temper would now set about decorating his walls with

“Pictures all Salvator's, save a few  
Of Titian's portraiture, and one, though new,  
Of Haydon's in its fresh magnificence”?

Surely not a Keatsian choice with the world before him and Spenser in his heart! How could he have mated Spenser better than with some Cassone-front of Sandro's—white-kirtled girls dancing in a sparsely flowered mead? The same frugality of material, the same throbbing imagination all riotous behind it, giving it all its extraordinary richness of effect. If Spenser is the poets' poet, Botticelli is the poets' painter.

For, after all, he was unique in an age where distinction was hereditary and in the blood. Idealism was spread deep and wide over Tuscany, but Sandro was the most diligent idealist of them all: not content to dream, struggling also, in whatever company or set of notions he might be drifting, to clothe the fair things which all Florence inhaled—to exhale them again crystallised in shapely bodies. Greece—dead and buried, dug up and set to flitting like a ghost in the brisk Tuscan land—Greece was of the essence of Tuscan dreams; and for Sandro, until his light died down and grew grey with Savonarola, “broken, hinted sights” of Greece sobered the Tuscan landscape, Venus lit to earth in a bay of the Mediterranean, and a staring, blue-eyed Judith (not Hebrew, not Tuscan, but Greek as he knew Greeks) sped

over the hills of Fiesole. While, however, there was much effort to reconstruct, passionate but pitifully dry effort to build up the bleached bones, Sandro's labour was to give them form and colour: not, indeed, like their comely old habiliments—less sure of themselves, looser fitting, worn more consciously than these—but beautiful always because of the added touch which betrays the spirit informing them, making them what they are—the wistful, misty surmise of one of the most inveterate dreamers of Florence. It is this, and Herr Ulmann does not fail to notice it, sets Botticelli over against Piero di Cosimo and Filippino Lippi, and even a greater man, Andrea Mantegna; it is this which makes him, as it were, the plaintive accompanist of Pico della Mirandola and Hieronimo Benivieni, and even of poor old Matteo Palmieri's orphic discords. It is this obviously ethical strain in him which ranges him with poets rather than painters, which distinguishes him finally from plastic artists pure and simple, such as Lippi and Luca della Robbia, and which, when he lit upon a paintable historical incident—the story of Apelles or the death of Lucrece—drove him into the heart of the story, to grasp the ethos of the matter rather than what *idée plastique* it might enfold. It is a pity, you may think, that a born poet should drift into illustration. It is a pity that we should like best in him what was least paint-worthy, because song-worthy. His exuberance has not the right play in such a medium. He was driven into indecorous corners: his *Fruchtbarkeit* (a word we may envy the Germans), his pregnant Venus, his snoring Mars, the disordered rout he makes of what would have been a solemn frieze in Lucian's day, arresting the supreme moment in the poising of calumny. We see in these things the straining of a caged imagination “mewing his mighty youth” in a prison which showed him the sun, yet held him fast. It is a pity, but not uncommon in our own day. Every now and then Fortune—a cynical jade when all's said—gives a jerk to the skeins in her hand, and lives are at cross-purposes. She sets a painter jiggling in metres, or compels a poet to lie among the pots—to the high detriment of all and sundry. But for some such twist Sandro, subject of much surmise and (in his defects at least) imitation, would have been singing a broader stave than Politian and a deeper than Ariosto's. For with Politian (and it was the drawback to the art of his day) the pedant is at work as often as the poet. That made him sing the Elegy for Lorenzo before a looking-glass, and filled the *Orfeo* with the stores of a mythological dictionary. Sandro is never the mere archaeologist: not enough of one, say some people, who complain of his Gothic *Nascita* and bicker over Hermes or Favonius, the Zephyr of April or the Boreas of March. Instead, he broods over some far echo of Lucretius caught up by the rococo fluting of the *Giostra*, plucks out the heart of the story, and sets it to some stately old processional music of his own—his own and the anti-phonals' of his Catholic Church. That is a new thing: it may be a hybrid thing,

but it is Botticelli's own. No other Italian has done it quite, except (very differently) Giorgione. For the same method in a later day, for a similarly personal and poetical and vivid result, we must go to Corot. And if Corot's is a case of the essentially poetic genius set to painting of a high order—the highest order—Blake's example gives us another where the moral idea overflows and outmasters the expression in the proportion of three to one. Sandro comes somewhere between the two. We might put him level with Rossetti.

It is not Herr Ulmann's fault exactly that we cannot find these things explicitly in his book. He appears to prefer dates, and I do not say he is wrong. I should like dates very much if I could get enough of them; but I do not find many in his pages that I had not before I opened them. Sandro's birth-date and death-date we know. His fresco work is dated more or less exactly—the Saint Augustine, for instance, in 1480; the Sistine Chapel between 1481 and 1483, the Villa Lemmi somewhere about 1486. It was in 1490, it would seem, he painted the fine Annunciation for the Guardi Chapel in S. Maria de' Pazzi, and Herr Ulmann deserves the credit of having ascertained this approximately by his discovery of the date at which the chapel was consecrated. In 1500, as Mr. Colvin told the readers of the ACADEMY as long ago as 1871, he painted the Fuller-Maitland Nativity in the National Gallery. It was his last; in 1510 he died. Beyond this we have never certainly gone: beyond it Herr Ulmann cannot take us, unless as floating upon his floods of surmise.

The visit to Rome is the watershed of Sandro's life. Herr Ulmann is right to give it a prominent position and a chapter to itself. All that was best and most essential in the art of the fifteenth century, all the facets of Sandro's own spirit are reflected there:—His wistfulness, the kind of strain there was ever on him, his exuberance, and then the things which reveal these—his sensitive, nervous line, his pure and cool colour, his love of ornament and his architectural disposition of the masses of his picture. Every student in Rome must have been struck with the feeling of blessed relief with which his eye encounters this broad band of gracious antic figures moving as in some state revel or masque, these pure washes of wholesome silvery blue and green, the sense of something clean (as in early June mornings), contrasted as all is with the tarnished profusion of the sixteenth-century work, with which unhappy Rome is crammed. It is the most decisive object-lesson in Florentine art there can be. For Sandro it was the culmination of his golden time, his dallings with a faint delightful old Paganism and what not. After it came, for him, Savonarola and the griping of poverty—relieved, we may hope with Herr Ulmann, towards the end—much darkling over the esoterics of the *Commedia* and much disillusionment. Indeed, so markedly does the stamp of his work alter from this time forth, that I cannot agree with Herr Ulmann when he puts the *Primavera* before and the *Nascita* di Venere after the Roman episode.

To my mind the *Venus* of the *Nascita* was painted while Simonetta Vespucci was still alive; I believe she was, in point of fact, his model. I see in the *Zipporah* of the Sistine a remembrance of her, saddened to the woebegone ghost she there is, by her untimely death some few years before the fresco was painted; and I cannot think that after painting that, he went back to the serene mystery of birth on the shore of his Tuscan Cythera. Herr Ulmann's reasons, lying principally in differences of handling, do not seem to me to outweigh this high improbability; it is highly improbable he would work a picture out of the *Giostra*, then go to Rome for two years upon an elaborate theological utterance, then return to Florence and pick up his *Giostra* where he let it drop. I suspect Herr Ulmann of hypercriticism here, but forgive him for his manly resistance of the many temptations to conjecture which a life so clouded with age and silence must throw out. In matters of fact it is but right to say that Herr Ulmann has proved himself diligent to seek and exact to record. I may tell him that the beautiful portrait belonging to Lady Alfred Seymour is undoubtedly of Giovanna degli Albizzi, who is, as he knows, the initiate in one of the Lemmi frescos. I should like to ask him why he calls Baccio Bandini a “mythischer”; and I would beg him, if he sees another edition, to correct his proofs. His pages are at present sadly at fault. The errors in the text one can correct in passing; but what is to be made of English like this: “But it in the instance it is difficult to give a decided opinion because the picture is hung high, and also because it is possibly repainted” (p. 124, n. 1)? There are some wild Italian passages too. They are all the more conspicuous because the book is such a conscientious, thorough, and thought-out piece of work.

MAURICE HEWLETT

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE WADI LULU.

London: August 20, 1894.

It is a well settled rule that, when a new place is added to a map, by virtue of discovery and survey, the discoverer has the right to give it the name by which it is thenceforward to be known. It is often his sole reward. In the exercise of this right, I gave the name of Lulu—“the pearl”—to the valley whose remarkable characteristics had escaped the attention even of the natives. Lying below the level of the hill, and immediately south of the Gharaq basin of the Fayoum, and communicating with the great Raiyan depression beyond, it has acquired importance in connexion with the topography of this district. The name was adopted by the British and Italian Governments in 1888 and 1891. It was recognised by the Inspector-General of Irrigation for Upper Egypt, and appears in his book on the Fayoum and Lake Moeris in 1892.

In the volume of plans published this year by the Reservoir Department, Mr. Willcocks has arbitrarily changed my descriptive term and called the Wadi Liernus, after an engineer now employed at the Barrage. This name, however, will not be adopted by the Egyptian Government; and I trust that no cartographer will, after this warning, be led to put it upon the map of Egypt.

COPE WHITEHOUSE.

## NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Autotype Company will publish shortly, in a very limited edition, ninety-three drawings by Albert Dürer, reproduced in facsimile from the originals in the print-room at the British Museum, with descriptive letterpress by Mr. Sidney Colvin. The size of the volume will be imperial folio.

A PICTURE by William Dyce, representing St. John leading home the Virgin Mary from the Sepulchre, which exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860, has been presented to the National Gallery. The donor wishes to remain anonymous.

DURING the past year the committee of the municipal art gallery at Leeds was fortunate enough to receive the sum of £700 from the Government grant for technical education. One-half of this was spent in the purchase of technical books; the other half was devoted to acquiring art works for the gallery. Among the works thus bought were—oil-paintings, by Mr. David Murray and Mr. Edwin Hayes; pen-and-ink drawings, by Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Herbert Railton; and a number of proof etchings—including examples of the work of Méryon, Mr. Whistler, Sir F. Seymour Haden, Prof. Hubert Herkomer, Mr. Oliver Hall, and Mr. C. J. Watson.

M. GRANDIDIER has presented to the Louvre his collection of ceramics, which contains some unrivalled specimens of Oriental porcelain—the only condition being that he shall himself remain curator of it until his death.

WE hear from a correspondent that a project is being seriously discussed at Florence to profane the historic church of Or San Michele, so closely connected with the name of Orcagna, by converting it into a market or exchange of some sort.

THE committee of the Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt have published (Kenny) a useful pamphlet, dealing in a popular manner with the proposed reservoirs in the valley of the Nile. After a general statement of the question, a list is given of the chief objects of archaeological, historical, and artistic interest, that would be submerged by a dam at Assuan, showing that the Temple of Philae is by no means the only one, or even the most important; and at the end is a sketch map, on a large scale, marking the principal sites mentioned.

## THE STAGE.

A PLAY, founded on Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Manxman*, was produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on Wednesday night, and met with a very favourable reception. Mr. Wilson Barrett himself took the part of Pete Quilliam.

DR. HEINRICH FELBERMANN has completed a four-act play of modern life, which will shortly be produced at a London theatre. A version of the same play will be acted almost simultaneously in Germany and Hungary.

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Villiers Society's <i>Arabian Nights</i> , 9 vols., vellum, gilt, nice as new	10	10	0
Sowerby's <i>Botany</i> , fine set, equal to new, last edition, 12 vols.	14	0	0
Voltaire's <i>Works</i> , 70 vols., large paper, coloured plates, elegant crimson morocco, cost £150	28	0	0
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